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ACROSTICS.



BY THE
HITCHIN ACROSTIC CLUB.



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ACROSTICS.

BY THE

HITCHIN ACROSTIC CLUB.



London :

HODDER AND STOUGHTON,

(LATE JACKSON, WALFORD, AND HODDER,)

27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1868.

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UNWIN  BROTHERS,
PRINTERS, LONDON.

EDITOR'S APOLOGY.

“Some said, John, print it ; others said not so ;
Some said, it might do good : others said no.
Now was I in a strait, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me—
At last I thought, since ye are thus divided,
I print it will ; and so the case decided.”

*(The Key is to be had of C. PATERNOSTER,
Publisher, Sun Street, Hitchin, price 4d.)*

PREFACE.

ABOUT a score of ladies,
And a lady's man or two,
Thought making up Acrostics
The proper thing to do.

Disparity of numbers, here
The law of nature follows ;
There always were nine times as many
Muses as Apollos.

“What's an Acrostic?” some one asks,
And feigns a vain surprise ;
If ignorance were possible,
'Twere folly to be wise !

Just now Acrostics—double ones—
With some are quite a passion,
And may be until double heads
Of hair go out of fashion.

A club was started, and began—
As everything commences,
With just a small subscription for
Preliminary expenses.

They made them laws—that all must write,
That no one should get off it,
Unless it were by paying down
A shilling as a forfeit.

(They recognized the principle,
Without the least gainsaying,
That any one who can—can get
Off anything by paying).

At one another's houses
They met at stated times,
To have the opportunity
To read each other's rhymes.

And when they met it was indeed
A pretty sight to see,
These ladies and these ladies' men
A sitting down to tea.

And when the tea was over,
And business was begun,
And all of the Acrostics
Were read out one by one—

'Twas very pretty to behold
The poetess and poet,
Pretending to be guessing it
As if they didn't know it.

When all of these productions
 Had been read, re-read, and guessed,
 They sent them to a matron to
 Decide on which was best.

A matron competent to judge,
 And certain all to please,
 A sort of female Daniel,
 In such affairs as these.

But when she gave her judgment
 Their confidence was shaken,
 For all but one felt sure that this
 She-Daniel was mistaken.

We ought to mention that the prize
 Awarded was a crown,
 Not paltry laurel—no such thing !
 But five good shillings down.

What wonder then that all of them
 At once resumed the pen,
 For those who try, and can't you know,
 Must try and try again.

They searched Encyclopædias,
 Geography and history,
 In order to wrap up their words,
 If possible, in mystery.

They wrote, and met again and read,
And wrote, and met to read,
Until they thought they'd had enough
Of trying to succeed.

But such a heap of papers,
All scrawled and scribbled so,
Were left upon their hands, that what
To do they didn't know.

Till one of them suggested
They should think about their neighbours,
Why should not they too all enjoy
Their literary labours?

And hence this little volume
Of double Acrostics,
For which they only ask you
The sum of two-and-six.

If it's an imposition
They plead as their excuse,
That all the profits shall be put
To charitable use.

L. T.

ACROSTICS.

I.

COME tread the Abbey's quiet aisles with me,
Sculptured in marble, there my first you'll see ;
No warrior he, though oft he led the van
Of freedom's battle for his fellow-man,
Till England's statesmen sent across the wave
News of my second to the toiling slave.

- 1 A sunny land across the sea,
Where Madame Fashion holds levée.
- 2 A drug of drowsy, deadly power,
Though oft invoked in wakeful hour.
- 3 If foreign ham you wish to buy,
Be sure to ask if it be I.
- 4 A nobleman, I next employ,
Who loved his marbles like a boy.

B

- 5 A famous Battle you must name,
 Which Austrian forces helped to gain.
 6 An Italian town, whose Bridge of wood,
 Not long 'gainst shock of battle stood.
 7 Call German Spurzheim from the dead,
 To say where I am on your head.
 8 A Lady about whom we read,
 Who made of dangerous beast a steed.
 9 Reverse me, and you'll quickly see
 I'm paid alike by you and me.
 10 Go seek a man of Italy,
 The first of weather-prophets he.
 11 The mad cascade with shining crest,
 On my calm bosom sinks to rest.
 12 Behold me pace the cloister dim,
 Or chant aloud the vesper hymn.

H. B.

II.

Who will not say that His most glorious deed
 Was worthy Conqueror's crown, or Victor's mead?
 Who, though but a poor miner's son,
 Dared against Rome herself to fight alone.

- 1 This Book, no doubt, was revered by all;
 Used by the Romish Church before its fall.

- 2 Far from the world, and far from active strife,
See now my whole, leads a monastic life :
Tired of earth's pleasures, scorning its vain show,
He seeks in convent walls a Heaven below,
And as a monk, before he rose to fame,
Employ the two first letters of his name.
- 3 But finding even here, peace is denied,
& The monkish cowl and dress he lays aside,
4 And for these two he fights with might and main,
The one to spread, the other to maintain ;
His follower's flock to him on every hand,
His fame now spreads like wildfire through the land.
- 5 Against the worshipping of this he fought,
And counted those of Saint and Virgin nought.
- 6 And now once more, within the cloister's shade,
The grey old convent he a home has made,
And when at last from earth he's called away,
His memory shall not fade, but till this day
Shall flourish, and the great work which he framed
You'll find reversed in letters here I've named.

A. L., JUN.

III.

My first, on many a bloody field,
Oft vanquished, *never* forced to yield,
Deliverer in her hour of need,
His country from invaders freed.

My second, dauntless, bold and brave,
Was carried far across the wave ;
And thus atoned one deed of shame—
The only blot upon his name—
That noble name, whose matchless glory,
Shall ever live in Scotland's story.

- 1 The chieftains fought in angry feud ;
Fierce words, still fiercer blows renewed ;
This trophy, from my whole was torn,
To grace since then the House of Lorn.
- 2 The thought of friends and kinsmen slain,
By treachery, or on battle plain,
Or haughty look, or slighting word,
This passion in the clansman stirred.
- 3 The ship that bears my whole, bounds free,
With northern gales across the sea,

The island chieftain in his train,
 He goes to face his foes again,
 Near Staffa, Mull, and Colonsay,
 They pass thy dark shore on their way.

- 4 Before he exile sought again,
 Escaping o'er the friendly main,
 How many chiefs had died for him,
 How many eyes with tears were dim.
- 5 *This* might his foes, who saw him forced
 To fly the field, where all was lost,
 But ne'er could make their boast that they
 Had made the Scotch their prince betray.

MT. T.

IV.

AN Author of undying fame,
 Though dead, to memory dear,
 And of a favourite work, the name
 Will in my next appear.

- 1 You'll find my first, if you ascend the hill;
 2 See her with nectar sweet the goblets fill.
 3 Swift flowing river, oft I've wandered near,
 4 And seen *this* pictured in thy waters clear.

- 5 My next is overhead, high in the air.
6 Sad wanderers, forced to leave your garden fair.
7 This have you brought upon your hapless race.
8 Now if it can be proved, he'll gain the case.
9 I'll say no more, but if you rightly guess,
In answering you, I shall my last express.

A. M. L.

V.

BROTHER and sister here you see,
Of minds poetic—loving tenderly.
Thank Matthew Arnold for their history.

- 1 The name of the loved brother first is heard.
2 Alas! they often spoke the parting word.
3 Happiest when at home they were my third.
4 To this, in absence, they were nothing loath.
5 A heavenly gift, largely bestowed on both.
6 One letter more, the brother's loved retreat.
7 Lastly, the sister's cherished name we meet.

K. T.

VI.

A quiet and silent watering-place,
On a peaceful bay I stand,
I've cradled a brave, adventurous race,
Who trod the far West land.

My second's pen has brightly sketched my first
In lines too fair and life-like e'er to fade,
Nor shall another's pen, less subtly versed,
Colour afresh the scene he has portrayed.

1 Swift on my westward course, by gales I'm driven,
The dark blue waves beneath, above the heaven,
My fast receding first is hid from view,
We seek a distant shore, England, adieu !

2 "A mass of metal," and a mighty race,
Some of the former, in my first-found place,
Brought by young captains from a distant shore ;
Many they seized, but still they wished for more.
Of these two words the initial letters take,
Behold the vowel repeated, that they make.

3 I saw it shake, inglorious fall,
And, fearless mid the roar,
I sprang on Smyrwick's shattered wall,
And high the standard bore,
And, when the heroic deed was done,
A rosy kiss from the sinking sun
Tinted the banner o'er my head
And changed its golden folds to red.



- 4 From near my first of noble race I came,
Behold, reversed, the letters of my name ;
In duty's path my feet have ever trod,
I fought my country's foes and served my God.
- 5 Before you, in gems and courtly vest,
I stand, the giant's brother ;
I sailed with him to the sunny west
And left our lonely mother.
"I could not say in one short day,
What love they bore each other."
- 6 The great arch-rebel rose, and shook
Loose from the yoke he could not brook ;
England sent forth her boldest men
To fight the monster in his den.
He murdered lies, but still the trump of war
Once sounded, vibrates from afar ;
A hot young earl with troops is sent,
And from my first, her bravest went.
- 7 The only daughter of a doating sire,
With suitors more than I could name,
All rich and brave as I could well desire,
Yet I, bewitched, preferred a foreign flame.

8 The haughty favourite of a maiden queen,
By turns I basked in smiles or withered 'neath her
spleen.

But westward, ever westward flows the tide,
And my vast wealth some pirate ships provide.

MRA. L.

VII.

HE held a glass to nature, great his fame
In rendering childhood's careless happy grace ;
And many a man who thought to leave a name
Lives but because this hand portrayed his face.

To statesmen, soldiers, subjects of his art,
And beauty's radiant eye and damask cheek,
His magic colours life-like hues impart,
The silent canvass seems to breathe and speak.

1 Reverse my letters, and unfolded see,
The name two celebrated artists bore ;
Christian indeed, to all eternity,
The saint has hallowed it for evermore.

2 A sort of intellectual spider, he,
Spinning his wondrous colours, warp and woof,
Weaving aloft his magic phantasy,
In glorious frescoes on the Sistine's roof.

- 3 This genius rugged Switzerland can boast ;
But soon her lakes and mountain gorges dark
He left, to seek at court the vacant post
Of portrait-painter to the "Grand Monarque."
- 4 I painted in the land of dykes and seas,
In oils, not water, as you might suppose ;
My tavern scenes are too grotesque to please,
My portraits every art-collector knows.
- 5 Art brothers three, this one best known to fame,
In painting animals he most excelled,
No Englishman his rivalry can claim,
Though Grant now holds the post he should have held.
- 6 Reverse the letters and you see her there,
"If you look far back into other days,"
Sir Joshua occupies her sitter's chair,
Chatting the while in courtly-polished phrase.
- 7 No mere conventionalities could bind,
Or paltry fetters curb my fancy's flight,
My genius soared aloft as free as wind,
Feeling its power, and glorying in its might.

8 I was a pupil in my fourth's great school,
Some even say my paintings his excel ;
I only copied him, followed his rule,
How great the master who could teach so well.
P. J. L.

VIII.

Most patient wife.
Most impatient wife.

1 Even from perished hopes new life may rise.
2 An ancient land lying 'neath tropic skies.
3 The Syrian repents his headstrong pride.
4 The forest monarch, trampling far and wide.
5 A tribe, apart for sacred service set.
6 This grows beside the nodding violet.
7 Our greatest queen's inveterate enemy ;
8 Alas ! how vainly mourned and rescued she.
M. T.

IX.

ONE Land gave birth to these two poets of renown.
My first in rural district born, my second in a town.
Both loved to sing the praises of their native land,
The scenery of which is picturesque and truly grand.

- 1 Oh, Bard ! though dead and gone, thy glory yet
shall live.
- 2 A brave and true reformer, whose Christian name
I give
- 3 Listen ! you soon will hear once more that first
sweet strain
- 4 As *this*, my last, so true to life, fresh praise
- 5 Shall ever gain.

E. L. JR.

X.

A BEAUTEOUS isle, where all the world is green ;
A weed that in our land is seldom seen.

- 1 An act of some import, not oft suspended,
Except when Fenians are apprehended.
- 2 A ragged, poor, impoverished race,
Though warm of heart, and always full of grace.
- 3 A beverage, partaken of by every grade and class,
Excuse the change of metre, and let the answer
pass.
- 4 A scene of strife, and bloody fight and fray,
Which marred the beauty of that August day.
- 5 Resting from toil amid the golden sheaves,
While summer breezes murmur through the leaves.

- 6 A town where high pagodas tower free,
And rice fields whiten near the Yellow Sea.
7 An architectural order, that derives its name
From ancient country of historic fame.
8 My last is what no children ought to do,
But much I fear remembered by too few.

H. L. L.

XI.

Two poets we, the greatness of whose name
Is still recorded in the scroll of fame.

- 1 In England, at a certain time of year
I cause all feeble folk to fly in fear.
2 A songster I, whose note if not too shrill,
The ear with cheerful melody doth fill.
3 Ten years the Holy City owned my sway,
Till slaughtered by a captive's hand I lay.
4 A town Canadian, to whose judicial court
Transgressors of the law are duly brought.
5 Of this I hope my friends possess a share,
Else I should fling my pen down in despair.

SA. L.

XII. (LOCAL).

A HALL of learning, the resort of labour,
Now like to be surpassed by its neighbour.

- 1 An Italian casuistical writer.
- 2 A reformer's birthplace.
- 3 A governor-general of India.
- 4 An English poet and divine.
- 5 A place of amusement in the Strand.
- 6 "The time for rest."
- 7 The chief town of Moravia.
- 8 An early English saint.
- 9 A right to woman still denied.

SA. & H. L. L.

XIII.

ARCHDEACON, rector, vicar, rural dean,
 With longing eyes behold me dainty white,
 While curates love to see me smooth and green,
 Till some preferment sets their vision right.

- 1 My last should be my first, for croquet made.
- 2 Unhappy daughter of an ill-starred race.
- 3 Sir Roger to this lady homage paid.
- 4 Age could not mar the beauty of thy face.

P. J. L.

XIV.

PRAYED for in church on every Sabbath day
 And destined mighty influence to sway.

- 1 A waste, inhospitable, rude, and bare,
But sweet to those who love the mountain air.
- 2 Taught and believed by man in ancient time,
By some called ludicrous, by some sublime.
- 3 On hill and wold, a monument to trace,
Where stood the dwellings of a savage race.
- 4 The corpse, as on his skeleton it fell,
Returned to life the wondrous tale to tell.
- 5 Oh, most offensive 'tis to hear him bawl,
In pulpit, parliament, or public hall.
- 6 Then read my story often as you will,
The Asian mystery is a mystery still.

S. L., JUN.

XV.

ENLARGE your bonnets, ladies fair,
If me you would befriend ;
And orders for new mushroom hats,
To your milliners pray send.

- 1 Rolling through space from year to year,
On earth a little speck to appear.
- 2 A poor old king, with daughters three,
Ill-treated much by two was he.
- 3 A lovely princess next we see,
Long may she live, and happy be.

- 4 A noble lord translated me,
In lines of polished harmony.
5 By some refused, by others sought,
In times corrupt with money bought.

F. L.

XVI.

A MILITARY ACROSTIC.

ACROSS my first o'er rugged pass and plain,
We hope at length his capital to gain ;
Where sore oppressed, and much against their will,
My crazy second holds his captives still.

- 1 Up to the breach the gallant stormers go,
In, in they pour—nor any quarter show.
2 When from the wars returned in peace to live,
This honour let a grateful sovereign give.
3 He midst his friends recounts his perils o'er,
The hard-fought battles won in days of ——
4 The serjeant bold, of drink and shillings free,
With fluttering ribbons in my fourth we see.
5 Waving my fifth he boldly leads the way,
His comrades follow, eager for the fray.
6 My next “in triumph” the joyful air does fill,
As Rome’s proud legions climb the sacred hill.

- 7 Well chosen he our forces to command,
 Sprung from a race renowned by sea and land.
 8 Cadet or colonel, given to whist and loo,
 Perchance may have to give his — — —
 9 Behind my last, thrown up across the way,
 To check the foe the wary marksman lay.

A. L.

XVII.

GREAT Institutions ! worthy of all praise,
 Crown of our pleasures in these modern days.

- 1 Sharp is my touch, but in it there is healing,
 Your case admits no thought of gentle dealing.
 2 Round the green board the eager players press,
 Alternate, fortune frowns, or deigns to bless.
 3 Through snowy plains thy dismal waters roll,
 Dark, sullen river of the Northern Pole.
 4 Before thy walls was played war's deadly game,
 And a great leader fell, but not with shame.
 5 Fair stream, that flowed by old Caerleon's walls,
 What memories of romance thy name recalls !
 6 A game for two, oft played, yet ever new ;
 To win, both chance and skill must favour you.
 7 New sports, new pastimes now usurp thy place,
 Thou child of ancient chivalry and grace.

M. J. L.

XVIII. (FLORAL.)

My first, as ancient fables sing,
Was changed into my second ;
Two beauteous plants to light they bring,
Or both may one be reckoned.

- 1 A deadly weed that grows among the corn.
 - 2 A blossomed tree, that also bears a thorn.
 - 3 A flowery wonder in my land is found.
 - 4 On Scottish moors it purples all the ground.
 - 5 If stumbling, you on my green bed should light,
You may get up again in woful plight.
 - 6 Pure oils, which by the chemists still are wrought,
They from the sweetest plants are chiefly brought.
- E. S. L.

XIX.

ON Mardley's Heath my first is heard and seen,
The Bracken waves above her lonely nest ;
My next, green legged, in sea-marsh covert green,
Conceals her eggs beneath her snowy breast ;
Or she may charm some epicure, for supper
nicely drest.

- 1 A sort of goose, by British waters found.
- 2 A bird, that with white breast and scarlet bill,
Goes where the shell-fish on sea rocks abound.

- 3 A bird that can small birds and insects kill,
Then, like the nobler race, he does his
larder fill.
- 4 Again a bird, that haunts the briny wave,
And seeks beneath the stones its wonted food.
- 5 The swallow of the sea, which to us gave
Much sea-side pleasure, once when in sad
mood,
Upon the eastern coast, we sought for health
to be renewed.
- 6 Small flags, by many a bird of passage hailed,
As o'er the sea it wings its weary way,
The British bark to succour ne'er has failed.
- 7 A Cornish bird; and once near Lulworth Bay,
The loud harsh note we heard, and saw it
wheel away.
- 8 A little sea-bird, rare on British shore—
Ice-bird some call it, but you must reverse
- 9 The letters. Then of birdie lore,
An author who of rare birds could converse.
- 10 One little red-legged bird, will now wind up
my verse. S. L.

XX.

A BOOK AND ITS HERO.

It tells us of that naval fight,
'Gainst cruel Spain, for England's right;
Or else describes in glowing words,
The land of flowers and humming birds;
But when it tells of Devon's coast,
'Tis then, I think, it charms us most.

- 1 A lovely flower of purple hue.
- 2 How sweet to hear it, when 'tis true.
- 3 Soldier and courtier as well,
Who on the field of Zutphen fell.
- 4 A telegram did falsely state,
Submersion to have been its fate.
- 5 Those islands towards the setting sun,
Where Spaniards cruel deeds have done.
- 6 A name for Gloriana's knight,
At court so gay, so brave in fight,
- 7 The flower of Torridge, Devon's pride,
Who at the stake a martyr died.
- 8 Though out of place, I here bring in
The honourable Benjamin,
With cork-screw curls and features thin,
A Jew of Spanish origin.

- 9 The lords of Gloriana's court,
Were fond of this old English sport.
10 My last, he swore to overtake
The crafty Don, for vengeance sake.

M. L.

XXI.

TWO NOVELS BY A POPULAR WRITER.

- 1 It's not the word oft used by wicked liver,
'Tis only an obstruction to a river.
2 To blot out heresy, this man was sent
To Flanders, by the Spanish government.
3 He with the Sultan, goes from door to door,
Seeing the humble dwellings of the poor.
4 If this acrostic you should fail to guess,
That you are this, you surely must confess.
5 In the last century, this Club was started
By art collectors, who long since departed.
6 The living hero on the ghostly shore,
Waits for the ferryman to take him o'er.
7 With this nerve's aid we comprehend the light,
Without it, we must dwell in endless night.
8 The lawgiver, from a lofty mountain eyed
That fertile land, to him alone denied.
9 'Twas here Pizzaro conquered: don't you follow?
Then recollect Elvira, also Rollo.

- 10 When Job was in affliction, to him came
Three friends : 'tis one of these, go find his name.
11 From Uz to sunny Spain I now resort,
A favourite in the second Philip's court.
12 See, it burns dimly, soon it will expire ;
To get a blaze, put this upon the fire.
13 This murderous Queen her husband slew,
Her enemies her throne o'erthrew.
14 Often when squeezed within a crowd,
For room for this I cry aloud.
15 Thus are they called who wield the pen,
A Latin name for learned men.
16 P'raps some of us have felt its smart,
When fixed by Cupid in the heart.

EDWIN L.

XXII.

Two charming tales, with love and humour rife,
Of foreign travel, and New England life.

- 1 My first, the father of a cruel king,
Who, when enraged, his javelin would fling.
2 A lovely Scottish lake, upon whose shore
A bloody fight was fought in days of yore.
3 If our good president perchance should die,
These letters show who will his place supply.

- 4 He, who a traitor's death was forced to die,
Because the Yankees thought he was a spy.
5 The aged chief, in Grecian councils sage,
Of whom we read in Homer's sacred page.
6 A crafty cardinal, who, some folks say,
The keys of Peter hopes to hold one day.
7 Father and son, my next, this much I'll tell you,
One was sandblind, the other served the Jew.
8 My echoing last, awakes the early morn,
And loud "Hark! for'ards!" on the breeze are
borne. A. L.

XXIII.

THESE authors' books are worth their weight in gold,
Readers of every class and taste delighting,
Scenes of sweet rural life, as simply told,
As scenes of dire famine, siege, and fighting.

- 1 Would I my first could write the tale to tell
How Joseph, Zimmer, Klipfel fought and fell.
2 A soldier's Christian name, well known in story,
Who 'gainst the French in Egypt, gained great
glory.
3 When from the wars at length her Joseph came,
These letters shew my charming heroine's name.

- 4 Many a long mile, his feet with walking, sore,
 He trudged, and on his back my fourth he bore.
 5 Kneeling in ordered ranks, my fifth we see,
 Drawn up to meet the charging enemy.
 6 My sixth against Napoleon's dreaded might,
 With Prussia and with England did unite.
 7 Like as my seventh, resistless pours his flood,
 & Sweeping before him all things in his way,
 8 So did my eighth lay waste with fire and blood,
 Till checked at length on Waterloo's red day.

A. L.

XXIV.

A TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

A MAN of wealth who lived a godly life,
 And dwelt in, what was after, David's town,
 His humble, dutiful, and lovely wife,
 Their child, whose grandson came to high renown.

- 1 The father of a money-loving seer.
 2 What Scripture says your wife must always do.
 3 What those must learn, whose aim it is to rise.
 4 A king who lost his sight and kingdom too.

E. S. L.

XXV.

THE story of my chequered life
The cynic wit with grace relates.
He told in noble verse the strife
Of one who struggled with the fates.

- 1 The common heritage of all mankind.
- 2 The Spirit comes, to Heaven she takes her mind.
- 3 Oft walking in its crowded streets I spy,
- 4 Drawn by swift steeds, this whirling swiftly by,
- 5 With his white steed he stands hard by the gate.
- 6 Of the four verbs this first we conjugate.
- 7 This man was "simple" called, I beg to state.

EDWIN L.

XXVI.

A QUADRANGULAR ACROSTIC.

A QUADRANGULAR Acrostic !
When at it first you peep,
It seems made up of dream lands,
And negatives, and sleep.
But if to guess these Scripture names
You should be at a loss,
You may read them on its four sides,
Across it, and across.

And if you read reverse wise,
 Two other words appear,
 A European river,
 And a wand of holy seer.

- 1 A land to which a noted murderer fled.
- 2 A plain to which his foes would fain have led
 Good Nehemiah.
- 3 And a town
 Of ancient Israel, to which was shown
 Forbearance, for, from it Manasses' band
 Did not drive out the people of the land.

F. S. L.

XXVII.

We sleep in beauty 'neath the noontide ray,
 Which glitters on the snowy crests afar ;
 Sudden the tempest bursts upon its way,
 We toss and rage in elemental war.

- 1 The hero cannot use *me* now,
 He guides the trembling vessel's prow,
 He leaps upon the rocky coast,
 His captors in the waves are lost
- 2 In Scottish phrase, he vows that ne'er
 A tyrant's chain his land shall wear.

- 3 That tyrant rules o'er many lands.
The *city* girt with mountains stands.
- 4 The hero will not cringe like me,
Or doff his cap, or bow the knee.
- 5 He does *me* true, though dire the pain,
If sorrow comes, he will again. M. S. M.

XXVIII. (LOCAL).

UPON you all good people I look down,
High on a hill, I stand above the town,
My cost was great by the reports you'll see,
That I'm not paid for—daresay never shall be;
About me at a meeting someone's spout
Brought on him cries of "Order! turn him out!"

- 1 If to last year's Academy you went,
Some time by me you must have gladly spent,
A peasant girl was seated 'neath my shade,
Beside her basket, doubtless of me made.
- 2 Florence the beautiful, on me reclines,
Not having been there, description I declines;
Excuse the grammar, poets, you all know
Have license, as my verses plainly show.

- 3 In ancient story, I rose heaven high,
Babel, the wonderful approached the sky ;
They got up a great height, but at command
Each spoke to each, but none could understand.
- 4 My fourth a noble beast, with branching horn,
He stands majestic, as he sniffs the morn ;
To gain this prize, in silence on the snow,
For many hours the patient hunters go.
- 5 Of my renown and glory you all know,
I founded Rome two thousand years ago,
Myself and brother a she-wolf raised with care ;
I wonder she didn't eat us—perhaps she didn't
dare.

J. J. L.

XXIX.

THREE WITS.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

WHAT author yet has wit defined,
Fair, sparkling bubble of the mind,
That clothes dull thoughts in vesture bright,
Woven of golden fancies light.
His was a wit that gently flows,
Sweetly alike in verse or prose,

But his through rapid metre dashes,
Sparkling with puns and humorous flashes.
Again a different vein was his
Of quips, and pranks, and oddities.

- 1 A town in Leicestershire please name,
For coals and stockings known to fame.
- 2 I ought the happiest god to be,
Keeping nine ladies company.
(In Hitchin quite "the thing" I see.)
- 3 A part of Africa am I,
The world with leather I supply.
- 4 The badge of earldom in me see,
Sung in the days of chivalry.

P. J. L.

XXX.

HE was a noted traveller,
In land of history ;
He, too, was an unraveller
Of the grave's mystery.
In cavern vast and mouldering,
Beneath the city crust,
Ashes of life lie smouldering,
Dust turneth not to dust.

My first found there my second ;
Monarch, and queen, and priest,
And into light he beckoned
Those that were long deceased.

- 1 I stand in Eastern garden fair,
My perfume scents the languid air.
- 2 I'm fleet of foot, though slow of wing.
I seldom fly, and never sing.
- 3 To *battle* hunger from the *door*,
My *shuttle* flies in dwellings poor.
- 4 A fenced city you must find,
To Naphtali it was assigned.
- 5 Another ancient city see,
But this for Benjamin must be.
- 6 Sail from great London, you will see
Her noble river end in me.
- 7 A sacred bird that finds a home
When dead in the dim catacomb.

H. B.

XXXI.

AGE's support, and youths delight and dread.
'Tis by my aid, the Chinaman is fed.
And you may draw me too athwart a fiddle.
By Autumn gales we on the ground are spread.
For gipsy fire fetched from the farmers shed.
And placed transversely I shall make this riddle.

- 1 When eve approaches, one by one we rise,
Through the clear shadow of the vernal skies.
- 2 Then comes my next, and as the sun descends,
The purple beauty all in darkness ends.
- 3 We wandering poets love the stilly hour,
Italia's sons and daughters own our power.
- 4 The ancient Greeks delighted in my lore,
Students for this pass through the college door.
- 5 Hark ! at the door a sound ! come in my friend,
Welcome with me the lonely hour to spend.

E. S. L.

XXXII.

Springing up beneath your feet,
The first approach of spring to greet.

- 1 Growing beside the ocean deep,
Storms and waves o'er me do sweep.
- 2 Travelling far across the sea,
Tossed by the waves, in danger oft to be.
- 3 A western lake so large and wide,
And like a very sea without its tide.
- 4 My first three lights have been about the sea,
My fourth will sting you worse than any bee.

F. L.

XXXIII.

These charming women, both were formed to
My first in sprightly conversation shone; [please,
My second wrote, with elegance and ease,
And through her pen more lasting honours won.

- 1 Pray the initial letters take,
Of one of Johnson's youthful friends
Polished, but still I fear a rake;
Though nobly born, see he to genius bends—
"Thy mind's all virtue," the sage Doctor said,
"Thy body is all vice," then shook his head.

- 2 Reverse these letters and you'll see
What Bozzie drank, sometimes too free.
- 3 A periodical of essay fibre,
To which Sam Johnson was the chief subscriber.
- 4 A charming essayist, whose humorous pen,
Beguiles, while it improves, his fellow-men.
- 5 Warmer than friendship, tenderer than esteem,
It makes our gloomy earth a heaven seem;
Its mutual cords, these gifted women bound,
Until my first a second husband found.
- 6 Pronounced by all who read my second's tales.
Where interest flags not, nor a moral fails.

MRA. L.

XXXIV.

TWO LOVERS.

"BLESSED eyes *mine* eyes have been,
If the sweetest *HIS* have seen!"

- 1 They both were this, historians tell,
Great Ferdinand and Isabelle,
And long they sought to gain
- 2 The town, where high my second towers,
'Midst chestnut groves and orange flowers,
The pride and boast of Spain.

D

- 3 Loudly my third the choir is singing,
Vaulted roof and arches ringing
 With the joyful strain.
- 4 For my next, with hope high burning,
Homeward from the wars returning,
 With his conquering train.
- 5 My next a Spanish prelate see,
Who lived in the sixth century,
 Of whom we seldom hear.
Another saint the name, too, bears,
Who fled the world, and all its cares,
 To dwell in deserts drear.
- 6 "Miserere for the weary,"
Sings my next in cloister dreary,
 Chanting low her evening hymn ;
- 7 While without my seventh ringing,
Mingles sweetly with her singing,
 At the vesper hour dim.

A. I.

XXXV.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

A POET'S verses will immortalise
The winning of my first a lovely prize ;

My second to achieve the feat did dare,
 My fourth and third will show us *when* and *where*.

- 1 A famous mountain range in eastern lands,
 Renowned for fragrant groves and warlike bands.
- 2 No word is this, but take for me
 Four from a five-fold company.
- 3 A skilful weapon, made of noose and string,
 That Indian huntsman cunningly can fling.
- 4 The hope of future years we now behold,
 Call them not boys or lads, they are too old.

M. T.

XXXVI.

"DUNCAN fleech'd and Duncan pray'd
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing oh't."

"One walked between his wife and child,
 With measured footfall firm and mild.

* * * *

"The prudent partner of his blood,
 Leaned on him faithful, gentle, good."

- 1 "As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."
- 2 "Oh heavens! is it possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?"
- 3 "Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born."
- 4 "Broad, and white, and polished as silver,
On she goes under fruit-laden trees."
- 5 "On Afric's sunny shore thy white towers shine."
- 6 "Angel of wrath, why linger in mid air,
While the devoted city's cry
Louder and louder swells! and canst thou spare
Thy full-charged vials, standing by?"
- 7 "Then they praised him soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend, and noblest foe —"
- 8 "The house
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men."
- 9 "Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

M. J. L.

XXXVII.

- 1 This angel told, in thrilling words,
Of fearful war in heaven,
- 2 From whence, by His victorious arm,
The rebel hosts were driven.
- 1 Madonnas, by this artist wrought,
Excel in grace and feeling.
- 2 My last an artist dark and grand,
His work the Sistine ceiling.
- 1 In Santa Croce, lit with tapers dim,
The holy brothers chant his funeral hymn.
- 2 The final names that glorious artist bore,
For brush and chisel famed, in days of yore.
- 3 The rebel angels, in dismay and fright,
With this were seized, and put to hasty flight.
- 4 This clever artist on his canvass showed
The story of a "*marriage à la mode*,"
And how the idle thief to Tyburn rode.
- 5 In days gone by she won an artist's fame,
My next her musical and lovely name.

- 6 My sixth the wily serpent did entice,
To eat forbidden fruit in Paradise.
- 7 My last an artist of these modern days,
Whose gorgeous landscapes earn a critic's praise.
M. L.

XXXVIII.

WHAT tyrants fear, who long have governed ill,
When raging crowds the streets with clamour fill ;
Then mob-law reigns, and justice all defy,
And helpless victims 'neath my second lie.

- 1 Now see it glittering on her snowy hand.
2 Like Arab steed, it skims the burning sand.
3 These words he said, returned from conquests new.
4 Rich gem of Hungary, ever changing hue.
5 With victor's wreath of this we'll crown him now.
6 Italian town, perched on the mountain's brow.
7 On ruined castle solemnly I frown.
8 A wandering tribe, who play from town to town.
9 Give me thy aid, blot out the cruel past.
10 See the proud mother, changed to stone at last.
A. M. L.

XXXIX.

THE charming compositions of my first
Are dear to those who for true music thirst.
Among the best composers he is classed,
For in my second he is scarce surpassed.

- 1 One of the finest painters of the day,
Who can like life the infant form portray.
- 2 A sacred composition, and divine,
When in it Mendelssohn and Handel shine.
- 3 "On Solitude" this writer earned his fame,
A musical composer bears his name.
- 4 This lake in Afric's desert land was found,
By one whose efforts with success were crowned.
- 5 He bravely for his royal master fought,
But through his rashness much disaster wrought.
- 6 This opera is full of lovely airs,
But with the organ-grinders badly fares.

E. L., JUN.

XL.

ENCOMPASSED round by regal state,
Upon whose bidding thousands wait.

My next in English hearts should reign,
The throne to guard, and to sustain.

- 1 My first in hall, or lady's bower,
With music charmed an idle hour.
- 2 The time must change, a merrier strain,
The music now must swell again.
- 3 In this I trust may never be
The crown, or England's liberty.
- 4 Orestes' sister, fierce her ire,
Till she avenged her murdered sire.
- 5 One who prophetic books did bring,
And three at last she sold the king.
- 6 If our acrostics show not this,
Alas ! alas ! the prize we miss.
- 7 To-morrow this to-day will be,
However spent by you and me.

MT. T.

XLI.

My first have in my second part,
And by them, it was started.
I wish *it* well with all my heart,
I wish *them* tender-hearted.
If I some useful hints impart,
To these they are imparted.

- 1 An essence my first which improves a rich cake,
If neither too much or too little you take.
- 2 So flavour your couplets with sense good and pure,
That their worth may my next be, and they will
endure.
- 3 Keep none of my third in your study and then,
No drop shall by chance trickle down through
your pen.
- 4 When glowing with rapture you call for the lyre,
Of my mythical fourth and catch some of his fire ;
- 5 When the wit of your riddles, your sisters allow,
And my next shall in triumph be twined round
your brow ;
- 6 Don't harbour my sixth, you're no better one bit
Than many good souls without numbers or wit.
- 7 May you meet on my seventh when summer
winds sigh,

- When the distant snow mountains unite earth
and sky ;
There to point and to plume the idea and the
pen,
With poetical musings on mountain and glen.
8 While you study my eighth and my ninth you
defeat,
If you only avoid getting wet in your feet.
10 Should you there be my tenth you will scarce
wish to roam,
But long for the comforts and solace of home.
11 Do you dwell in my next? Do you live in
a cot?
Let all such distinctions to-day be forgot ;
Here elder and younger may harmlessly fight,
And give with good humour the crown of the
night.
12 But stay, I'm afraid now my lecture is past,
You will all join together to give me my last.
E. S. I.

XLII.

IN ancient pride the city stands,
The Capital that gave him birth,
And far away 'mid hostile bands,
The martyr takes his leave of earth.

- 1 A nostrum by our grandmothers compounded,
They judged it good, prepared with skill and pains ;
By doctors, young and old, we're now surrounded,
And science holds the reins.
- 2 A queen in Holy Writ we read,
Renowned by just and valiant deed.
- 3 Beneath the blue Italian sky,
Where roses blossom all the year,
They laid to rest the poet-heart—
So justly to his country dear.
- 4 Who has not seen a weather-cock,
Turning, veering, 'gainst the sky,
Now in motion—now at rest ?
Where's the word that says this best ?
- 5 Bold in appeal as in command,
I sought to quell the bloody strife ;
But ere my hand could strike the blow,
In sudden sickness ceased my life.
- 6 Down from the rock-ledge swooping,
I fly in search of prey ;
And woe to hare or lambkin !
That comes abroad to-day.
I seize and bear them helpless, to
My eyrie far away.

SA. L.

XLIII.

Two sovereigns at one time did reign,
Each mighty in his way ;
My first was king of haughty Spain,
My next o'er France held sway.

- 1 Solyman sent out manyships to infest all Christian
lands,
And many such an one as I went with the Turkish
bands.
- 2 Against my next how often my third did take
the field,
- 3 But though proud Spain could break his heart, '
She never made him yield.
- 4 Here—the old capital of France—
Through superstition dire,
England condemned, oh, sad disgrace !
A heroine to the fire.
- 5 He was a mareschal of France, and governor of
Milan,
Despised by all his compeers, and cursed with
Papal ban.

- 6 You must reverse these letters, then surely you
will see
What the ambition of my first did never fail to be.
- 7 A village on the Rhine, in an independent state,
Where oftentimes my first in grave assembly sat.
- A. L. JNR.

XLIV.

My first you almost anywhere may find,
But not the one which now is in my mind :
For that we look within the Abbey's walls,
And many a splendid pageant it recalls.

My last the place from which, a conqueror's prize,
My first was borne, amidst a nation's sighs,
Henceforth within another land to be,
Connected still with rites of royalty.

- 1 A mighty king of Egypt first is found.
2 The muse whose head was with the vine-leaves
crowned.
3 A king deposed, and of a German race.
4 And next a happy people you may trace,
Who to Victoria's praise in loyalty combined ;
5 Within my last to her no rival find !

K. T.

XLV.

HOPING to see fair Ithaca once more
The wise Ulysses leaves the Trojan shore,
My mighty first his wandering course directs,
And with her power the wily chief protects ;
But lo ! my next, to avenge his giant son,
His journey hinders, ere 'tis well begun ;
First bright Calypso in her isle detains,
And then the syren's magic song enchains.
But safe at home, and all his perils past,
His patient wife receives her lord at last.

- 1 A lovely youth who fought on Priam's side,
And by the hand of great Achilles died.
- 2 My next a goddess fair on coins is seen,
Waving her wand, and crowned with olive green,
- 3 Three letters take your favourite's name to call,
But for the sea-god we must use them all.
- 4 At whose command my furious next is still,
Or rages wildly at his sovereign will.
- 5 For my fifth word let Campbell's poem tell
How on the deck of fame my hero fell.
- 6 In Lemnos' isle this god his dwelling sought,
Here the huge Cyclops at his anvil wrought.

- 7 My lovely last bewails her husband slain
By brave Achilles on the Trojan plain.

A. L.

XLVI.

A QUEEN'S FRIEND.

No selfish interest bound thee to thy queen,
But friendship pure and sweet as angel's love,
Shining the brightest in the darkest scene,
Till bloody death gave endless joy above.
Not even the murderer's hand your love could sever,
Parted a few brief months, then joined for ever.

- 1 One favourite, owing all to queenly hands,
When bid to fly obeys the royal commands ;
But thou in safe asylum bid to stay
Rejoins thy friend though I beset the way.
- 2 Oh Mother Earth ! The Romans called thee so,
Did darker days thy history ever show ?
Stained is thy bosom with the noblest blood
Of thy slain children, innocent and good.
- 3 Had I the Laureate's graceful flowing muse,
That friendship's memory with sweet incense
strews,

I'd weep for thee one "bright melodious tear"
And lay *a wreath of poetry* on thy bier.

- 4 Reverse these letters, see a royal race,
Thy husband also this descent can trace.
- 5 The island whence the arch-usurper came,
Seizing thy monarch's throne midst loud acclaim.
- 6 Whilst fickle people worship their new God,
The victor's laurels hide the ruler's rod.
Forgetful of their creed of liberty
That all should share alike, all should be me.
- 7 The father's life was forfeit by decree,
She, shuddering, drank the blood and set him free.
- 8 In days of old sweet incense rose to Heaven,
And man's transgressions were by God forgiven;
But thou, a willing victim vainly bled
To save her life, for whom thy life was shed.

P. J. L.

XLVII.

A WARRIOR AND HIS BADGE.

- 1 The infidels their conquering arms extend,
Arm, warrior ! the city to defend.

- 2 When strong in faith he leaves his native shores,
Her blessings on his head my second pours.
- 3 My next will name of German poet be,
Who sang "The lordly castle by the sea."
- 4 My fourth with questioning and distracted mind,
5 To quell his doubts still strives my fifth to find.
- 6 A clumsy bird, webbed feet, and heavy head,
Or altogether fabled some have said.
- 7 To meet my seventh in the desperate fight
My first will dare, trusting his cause is right.
- 8 Nor fear, while on his breast my last gleams bright.

M. T.

XLVIII.

TWO NOVELS.

Two Authors in these books relate,
A simple peasant's luckless fate,
How in the dread Conscription drawn,
He left his friends at home to mourn.
In many a battle fierce and long—
At Leipsic, Ligny, Hougoumont—
Till from Napoleon's last campaign
We see him safely home again.

E

- 1 This poet sang in days gone by,
Of "Coral-lip and star-like eye."
- 2 "The gentle savage" who did bring
Young Waldegrave to Wyoming.
- 3 If this rich prize the digger gain
His toil will not have been in vain.
- 4 This magic word the Captain cried;
The cavern's entrance opened wide.
- 5 Half horse, half man, my next we see
Among the woods of Thessaly.
- 6 After long years in waiting past
The patriarch won his bride at last,
- 7 The crafty knave whose slander dire
Aroused Othello's jealous ire.
- 8 My last with Michael came to blows,
And broke the mighty sculptor's nose.

A. AND M. L.

XLIX.

- 1 Thy hopes, like *silken-tissue* delicately spun,
- 2 Or *frost-bound waters* 'neath th' advancing sun ;
- 3, 4 *Sweet maid*, when vanished like *my last* away—
Thou mourn'st, singing of *these*, thy sweet sad lay.

M. T.

L

OF many a glorious action tell I,
Lovingly on heroes dwell I,
Telling how the giant Saxon,
Blue-eyed, and with locks of flaxen,
Struggled 'gainst the Norman power,
And to strangers would not cower.
Telling how the Lion-hearted
On the far Crusade departed ;
How, at Bloody Bannockburn,
Edward's knights in panic turn ;
How the " Madcap " seized his lance,
Conquered, and was king of France.
How they sailed in proud array,
And defeated slunk away ;—
How the blessed Martyr's head,
Severed, stained the Usurper red,
Telling how in exile drear,
James spent many a weary year,
How his son, and grandson came,
Fighting for their royal name.
Alas ! the cause is fall'n now,
Crushed on Culloden's swarthy brow.
Yes, of deeds done ill or well
Ever I impartial tell.

Fairies swarm my path, and dragons,
Knights, with foaming wine in flagons,
Captive maids with streaming tresses,
Jewesses in Eastern dresses.

I tell, how in old Woodstock's towers,
Disguised, the royal wand'rer cowers ;
How, 'neath the Stuart's banner white,
" Vic Ian Vohr " was proud to fight.
Telling, how honest Ravenshoe,
At Balaklava, charged the foe ;
How Lord Charles Barty fought and fell
To save the friend he loved so well.
Of many other heroes telling,
Your hearts with admiration swelling.

- 1 I can be better or worse, as the case may be,
But I'm a division, as you will soon see.
- 2 The untaught people of a warrior queen,
Though rude their ways, their hearts were true
I ween.
- 3 On the suppression of women I always insisted,
It's lucky in England I never existed.
- 4 Many, alas ! there have been in all lands,
Who have wielded their power with too absolute
hands.

- 5 Our noble family to Rome's best blood laid claim,
And in his book a new-made peer writes frequently our name.
- 6 He roamed with the Vikings the wild northern waters,
And conquered at last one of France's fair daughters.
- 7 I was not a baron, I was not a slave,
But my brain it was shrewd, and my heart it was brave.

MRA. L.

LI.

TWO POETS.

WHEN haughty Cæsar ruled the Roman state,
These rival poets sang his virtues great,
In Epic grand my first the tale relates,
Of Juno's wrath, and the avenging fates,
And how Æneas, by the Sybil led,
Visits the gloomy mansions of the dead.

My next a votary of Bacchus see,
Who sang of wine and midnight revelry ;
To rich Macænas many an ode is penned,
'The patron of his muse, his dearest friend :

His satires, too, a wordy warfare wage,
Against the crimes and follies of the age :
But when of peaceful country life he sings,
And the light sleep which healthy labour brings,
And all the pleasures of his Sabine farm,
'Tis then, I think, his verses most do charm.

- 1 Rome's ancient glory gone, her power decayed,
My barbarous first the land in ruin laid.
- 2 My next, transformed into a heifer see,
'Through fear of Juno's dreaded jealousy.
- 3 Flow on broad stream and mingle with the sea,
An emblem of our life behold in thee.
- 4 Slain by the giant's hand young Acis lies,
This nymph bewails her love with tears and sighs.
- 5 In my fifth's graceful measure thy epodes
& sing,
- 6 And strike my last, oh Bard ! with tuneful string.

A. L.

LII.

LOCAL.

A TURFY spot o'er which the steed may bound,
And sniff the thymy breeze from hills around.

The curious bushes on that spot that grow,
In autumn red, in spring as white as snow.

- 1 I send the vessel forth with slide and bound.
- 2 A flowering bulb, in Africa 'tis found.
- 3 A process slow for getting right or wrong.
- 4 A thing of chance, except when faith is strong.
- 5 A mournful line in praise of erring man.
- 6 An island, and its harbour of Japan.
- 7 'Tis bright and beauteous where of virtue born.
- 8 The lark's sweet hymn of praise that wakes the
morn.
- 8 The birds that cry when night her veil has drawn.

S. L.

LIII.

A BRAVE young king of English race,
Who 'mid crusaders holds distinguished place,
A minstrel who my first did cheer
When sad he lay a captive drear.

- 1 A strict teetotaller was I,
Drink water only was my cry.
- 2 I tell of lake and wood and hill,
The shepherd sings me by the lonely rill.

- 3 A picture of one colour try,
And go to Rome if you would buy.
- 4 A graceful fisher with a feathered crest,
By streams and lakes he loves to rest.
- 5 A state of calm and joy sincere,
To men of peaceful mind most dear.
- 6 Loved by the peasant and the queen,
As sweet a flower as e'er is seen.
- 7 A quiet spot o'ershadowed by the trees,
Whose leaves are shaken by the whisp'ring breeze.
- F. L.

LIV.

OH, murderer of him, who came across the wave,
Seeking in vain my unhappy last to save !
Pursue thy road to regal power,
Thy rival's ghost will haunt thee in that hour.
The deed is done, remorse is useless now,
But sore the weight of guilt upon thy brow.

Oh, miserable land, so long a prey
To civil conflict and divided sway !
Since the sad time when Spanish sword first won thee,
The Christian warrior many a wrong has done thee ;

But now, defending liberty and thee,
Has died a prince of Austria's dynasty.

- 1 Fierce raged the battle round thy ancient towers,
When good St. George proclaimed the victory ours.
- 2 Up to the fisher's cottage comes a knight,
And asks to wed thee, lovely, fairy sprite.
- 3 Great son of Telamon, thy might was tried,
When before Troja's walls thy comrades died.
- 4 Last of a class of patriotic men,
Rendered immortal by Lord Lytton's pen.
- 5 A stately rhyme, in which the poet sings
Of the brave deeds of warriors and kings.
- 6 Head of a sect, who deemed himself above
Pain, joy, and friendship, hatred, fear, and love.

EDH. L.

LV.

WITH angry bawl or lazy drone
My first my second doth deliver;
And as he's dull or eloquent,
Will scare or bore the evil liver.

- 1 Through the dim aisles their long procession
wends.
2 Waving the incense, he on them attends.
3 This, oft my first is longing to become.
4 I'm told this bishop's leaning towards Rome.
5 This music all will gladly rush to hear.
6 She has renounced the world, but not without a
tear.

EDWIN L.

LVI.

AN ODD PAIR.

THOUGH there are many in the world
Of both my first and second,
I think, I safely may affirm
They're always *single* reckoned ;
And though they're not yet canonized,
Or of special gifts possessèd,
Yet, from the name they arrogate,
You'd deem *them* only blessèd.

- 1 The nickname of my last I sometimes bear,
One tail, at least, and often more, I wear.

- 2 An emperor's sister, and a general's wife,
A lovely rival, marred thy married life.
 - 3 The sunlit waves, with foamy spray,
Are fast receding in the shingly bay.
 - 4 These islands in the south of Europe lie ;
Volcanoes smoulder here, but never die.
 - 5 A link in history's long chain am I,
Without me Clio's spring would soon run dry.
 - 6 Of seven stages I'm the point of starting,
From whence, at every stage, some are departing.
 - 7 A fine old city I, of learned fame,
The sunny south my classic towers can claim.
- P. J. L.

LVII.

THE TAILOR POET.

- 1 A LOVELY flower of classic lore.
- 2 The Christian name an artist bore.
- 3 A garment which the Romans wore.

4 A relic of the days of yore.

5 Where this o'erflows its reedy shore.

M. L.

LVIII.

BEYOND the Alps, behold my first arise,
A lofty mountain, under sunny skies ;
Long centuries past, whilst yet our age was young,
With voice of thunder, and with burning tongue,
Its tones were heard, and, lo ! a fiery wave
Rolled o'er my second ; and the fair, the brave,
The pampered master, and the household slave,
In kindred dust and ashes found a grave.

1 A town ; in Switzerland I find my home,
My flowing namesake falls into the Rhone.

2 Here holy word and solemn chant conspire
To lend to concert, rapt devotions fire.

3 When nature's fetters smiling spring unbinds,
My golden tassels tremble in the winds.

4 As noun, I swim, but not in briny seas ;
As verb, I quarrel, contradict, and tease.

- 5 Invisible I am to mortal eye ;
Yet I am ever with you, or you die.
- 6 A sacred pastoral contains my name ;
It celebrates my faithful daughter's fame.
- 7 The man who tried an emperor's life to take
By fearful missile, for his country's sake.

H. B.

LIX.

ENRICHED by master-hands with noblest art,
How dear thy sacred memories to the heart !
How many sleeping 'neath thy hallowed shade,
Within the holy earth in hope were laid.

- 1 When Giotto led to higher art the road,
& And on my first the life-like figures glowed,
2 Upon these walls my second did portray,
Death's awful triumph and the Judgment Day,
Where radiant angels hover in the skies,
Or lead away the blest to paradise.
- 3 'Twas here the mighty Leonardo came ;
Still to all ages lives his matchless fame.
Here may be seen his masterpiece sublime,
Fast fading from the walls, effaced by time.

- 4 My *next* was Dante, Giotto's friend was he,
As noblest verse ever a friend should be
To noblest art. The painter's hand designed
That face by earnest thought and sorrow lined.
- 5 And here, repeated twice, I show to you
The far-famed circle which great Giotto drew.
The Papal court at last had heard his fame,
And asked a work, worthy his noble name.
When this you guess, which to a proverb passed,
You then will surely not be like my *last*.

MT. T.

LX.

Two faithful friends, of whom you more may know,
By turning to the page of Cicero.

- 1 Æneas to the prophetess applied,
2 There, where she lived, and where proud Tarquin
died.
3 A wandering race which oft has roused our pity.
4 The name of a now desolated city.
5 A speech or lay, which is extempore.
6 The name of an Egyptian deity.

K. T.

LXI.

"So tender was her voice, so fair her face,
So sweetly gleamed her eyes behind her tears,
Like sunlight on the plain behind a shower."

"—— and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled."

- 1 In this the laureate writes with beauty rare,
- 2 Of "blameless king," brave knights, and ladies fair,
He tells us next, with grace beyond compare.
- 3 The birthplace of a Roman poet famed ;
His satires were against great Cæsar aimed.
- 4 The ancient Greeks were by this title named.
- 5 A poem from the laureate's pen see here,
Most sad it is, and calls forth many a tear.
- 6 The clear full notes of this delight the ear.

E. L., JUN.

LXII.

WEAPON of war, with wondrous powers of hitting
Straight to the mark with sure and steady aim,
Grasped by strong hands that care not what is fitting,
But look on queen or prince as lawful game.

Fine road, along which numbers pass securely,
Proud of their honours, happy and elate ;
But on which others come to grief as surely,
Held up to public ridicule or hate.

- 1 If four of me you have, your hand is good,
If more, you ought to win,—that's understood.
- 2 Vain is the great composer's magic art
If these are not at hand to take their part.
- 3 A lonely castle, midst the sea it stands,
Frowning afar across the treacherous sands.
- 4 Church, prison, fortress rise within its wall,
And this great angel's banner waves o'er all.
- 5 A great historian, whose skilful hand
Has traced the history of our native land.
- 6 A few poor captives in this land you see,
And a great army going to set them free.
- 7 My sails to catch the favouring breeze are spread,
And by me thousands gain their daily bread.

- 8 A quiet town lying near northern moors,
They say it never rains, but there it pours.

M. J. L.

LXIII.

Do my first, to my whole for my last.

- 1 Sign of love from lips which passes,
Among enamoured lads and lasses.
- 2 A name to Cupid's mother given,
By men on earth and gods in heaven.
- 3 A noble beast whose head is crowned,
With antlers—in the north he's found.
- 4 Woman's abhorrence, man's delight,
At dewy morn, at noon, at night.

W. T. I.

LXIV.

WOMAN, saint and early Christian,
Holy martyr, sweet musician,
Hers were notes of deepest feeling,
Ever solemn, ever thrilling,
Heaven's brightness spread around her,
List'ning angels, rapt, surround her.

He could charm, and he alone,
Birds and beasts and rocks of stone.
His was music softly blending,
Which, to Pluto's realms descending,
Filled that monarch with its fire,
Charmed his senses, soothed his ire.

- 1 Lovely nymph, on her isle mourning,
For her hero ne'er returning.
- 2 The Persian queen of whom we hear,
She touched the sceptre and drew near.
- 3 'Tis sweet to hear the birds at morn,
Rejoicing that the night is gone.
- 4 Nation of blunders, wit and song,
To thee both tears and merriment belong.
- 5 Fingers light its chords are shaking,
Soft and sweetest music making.
- 6 Composed and said as quick as thought,
The words unstudied and the rhyme unsought.

- 7 The martial god, and warrior divine,
In Greece and Rome, honours were thine.

A. L. JUN.

LXV.

THESE names will to my readers bring to mind
News of the day, and subjects of all kind ;
Poetry, prose, and novels all combined.
You'll see them too in London any day ;
Along my first the dandies wend their way,
But in my next stern business holds its sway.

- 1 The summer days are come so warm and bright,
And to my first the hills and woods invite.
2 It is not age that makes his hair so white.
3 When will he come to set the captive free,
Whose days and nights are passed so wearily ?
4 Within his dungeon walls bounded by me.
5 An animal existing years ago,
Immense in size, a formidable foe.
6 A term much used in law my next will show.
7 In vain he urged the reckless prince to stay,
His warning failed, and ruin crowned the day.
8 But he was ever this you all will say.

A. M. L.

LXVI.

TOGETHER brewed in combination,
The beverage of the English nation.

- 1 My first a crown doth wear.
 - 2 My next a town in Syria.
 - 3 My third to light the dismal night.
 - 4 My fourth in fender polished bright.
- S. L., JUN.

LXVII.

Two luxuries to palaces supplied,
Or in the monk's dim cell put side by side.
Nor are they in the prison-house denied ;
Emblems of holiest things they still abide.

- 1 The proverb says, they that do me must sorrow.
 - 2 A title from our sovereign here I borrow.
 - 3 Do this to live, but do not live to do it ;
For if you do you'll surely live to rue it.
 - 4 My fourth you cry when much with grief oppressed.
 - 5 My last's a welcome, yet unwelcome guest.
- E. S. L.

LXVIII.

A PRINCE he was, unrivalled, brave in war,
Nurtured beneath th' impetuous southern sun ;
Undaunted in the fight, firm when he laid the law,
He nobly served his cause, and bloody laurels won.
Hopeful and buoyant, worshipped by his men,
He shared their hardships with the strength of ten.

Against my first, and all who filled his place,
My second waged the patriotic strife ;
In council and in war he stemmed the hated race,
And bought his country's freedom with his life.
Four times he sacrificed on Hymen's sacred shrine,
And left some youthful sons whose deeds in history
shine.

1 To the utmost tension pull the string,
Sinewy arms their strength apply ;
Forth whizzing in the air I spring,
See the stricken foemen die !

2 Beneath the fragrant southern sky,
On the warm ocean's shore we lie,
Sleeping the livelong day ;

Till in her chariot rides the moon,
Then from our verdant couches soon
We whirl in dances gay.

3 In my cloistered shades,
From morn till twilight grey,
His youth in age fast fades,
Harassed by sovereign sway.

4 Add seven to me, and you will soon decide
How old my noble first was, when he died.

5 I stand on Sorento's bay,
With the blue waves leaping round ;
Let Rogers, in his Italy,
Sketch the poetic ground.

6 Mean, cowardly, base, impervious to shame,
Of France's royal race, to my second's land he came.
(His brother's death another title gave him,
Reverse his earliest, and you have him.)

7 Cradle of chivalry and superstition,
From which my first drew troops and ammunition.

My second feared the city, scorned the court,
Which to his fatherland such woes had brought.
(Put the last letter first,
And guess it reversed.)

8 His chivalrous life was soon cut short,
By a traitor's death he fell,
At the hands of a king for whom he had fought,
Of a king he had served too well.

9 A youth, the second of his name,
He sat on Austria's throne ;
And his brother to my second came,
To help him rule at home.

10 This title did my second own,
O'er land and sea by it he's known.

11 One of seventeen sisters green,
On the level shore I lie ;
I wish the ocean rolled between
The tyrant's sword and me.

12 A clever violinist, on one string he played
Airs as sweet and finished as man has ever made.

- 13 A town in which my first's brave troops
 Were sieged by Gloriana's knight ;
 Choose ye the town with the troops besieged,
 Or the fancy name of the knight.
- 14 Metropolis of Christendom ! all eyes were turned
 to thee,
 And haughty emperors at thy gate have humbly
 bent the knee.
 T. B. Macaulay in thy praise has written many a
 leaf,
 And a bronze statue of my first stands in thee
 to this day.
- 15 The hated Cardinal, besides his greater see,
 Was, by the royal hand, the bishop made of me.
- 16 They laid their violent hands on the carving
 rich and fair,
 They tore the costly altar cloths, they laid the
 relics bare.
 My second saw with grief the impious work begun,
 But could not check the tide, or undo what was
 done.

M^RA. L.

LXIX.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

In grove or grotto, spring or forest shade,
These deities of classic story played.

- 1 A town in Russia famous for its fair,
And thither merchants from all lands repair.
- 2 My second tells a period of time
From balmy spring to sombre winter's rime.
- 3 The wandering harper's sweet melodious art,
Which charms the listening ear, and cheers the heart.
- 4 'Twas near this town a battle Francis fought,
And great disasters on his kingdom brought.
- 5 To this the Spartans early were inured,
And so privation patiently endured.

M. L. & A. J.*

LXX.

TWO POPULAR PERIODICALS.

- 1 Now see me swiftly o'er the waters glide.
- 2 The setting sun reflected far and wide.
- 3 My golden blossoms are the garden's pride.

- 4 To all, but chiefly females, this is dear,
5 In towns of this description most, I fear ;
6 This Goddess then must surely oft appear.
7 A useful part of speech, none can deny.
8 An isle, that to the Grecian coast is nigh.
9 By me bound fast, the stately ship doth lie.

A. M. L.

LXXI.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

IN verdure clothed my first is seen,
Brightly mantling hills and vales ;
Snowdrops then first fleck the green,
Violets scent the gentle gales.

Poppies wreathe her sister's hair,
Roses and clematis too ;
Honeysuckle lades the air,
Corn flowers borrow heaven's blue.

Comes my next with plenty crowned,
See her bounteous harvests spread ;
Rosy apples strew the ground,
Ripening clusters wreath her head.

Till my next, with icy breath,
Scattering all her treasured store,
Wraps the world in frost-bound death,
Till my first comes round once more.

- 1 First up, then down, then up again,
'Twould sicken aught but childhood's brain.
- 2 On Naples' bay I ruined stand,
Relic alike of sea and land,
Once half submerged, my columns show
Where the sea pholas pierced me through.
- 3 See the herd in pastures green,
Chewing the cud with drowsy mien.
- 4 Your feet are wet. Ah me! ah me!
Go change your boots immediately.
You wont? Then you are this I see.
- 5 The Pilgrim Fathers, when they landed here,
Gave me a name to English memories dear.
- 6 Sir Joseph Paxton, happy man!
As this, in early life began.

P. J. L.

LXXII.

LIKE lion I, though sometimes turned to lamb,
A changing thing of smiles and tears I am.

- 1 They see it strew the ground, like the hoar frost
it seems.
- 2 At perfect rest thou art, oh! happy be thy dreams.
- 3 A deadly weapon that the Yankees ply.
- 4 A lovely isle beneath the Italian sky.
- 5 Hark to the wild wind's melancholy cry.

M. T.

LXXIII.

TWO CELEBRATED LOVERS.

- 1 My first, a sacred river, ran
Where dwelt the monarch Kubla Khan;
- 2 This recreant knight did long delay
To fling Excalibur away.
- 3 My next in gloomy grandeur stands,
A palace reared by Philip's hands.
- 4 Patron of Arts, Magnificent his name.
- 5 A small Italian town, yet known to fame.
- 6 He wished to leave the happy vale,
As Johnson tells us in his tale.
- 7 A poet, gloomy and sublime,
Whose fame will last throughout all time.

A. L. & M. L.

LXXIV.

A RELIGIOUS ORDER AND ITS FOUNDER.

- 1 AN opal, diamond, or sapphire blue,
A pearl, or ruby, with its rosy hue.
- 2 Beyond the western sea, as legends say,
'Neath sunny skies this golden country lay.
- 3 Ianthe's vision was this poet's theme,
The skylark too, Alastor, and the Dream.
- 4 In Pisa's tower he suffered for his crime,
Whom Dante mentions in his verse sublime.
- 5 The melancholy story of Elaine,
The Laureate tells us in my charming strain.
- 6 The noisy weaver by his song awoke
The fairy queen beneath the spreading oak.

M. L.

LXXV.

A QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

FOUR words alike in spelling and in sound,
Are in this four-fold puzzle to be found;
He who with ready wit the cross-light wins,
Will quickly guess this curious pair of twins.

- 1 A paradox is here complete,
We only *sever* when we *meet*.
- 2 Fruit and its seed together name;
From Normandy we hither came.
- 3 I come to make your butter harder,
A very Iceland in your larder.
- 4 An egotist my next supplies,
Strange fact—his mouth contains his eyes.
- 5 When life has passed its usual span,
This word describes the aged man.
- 6 Two ugly giants who preside
O'er civic banquet, near Cheapside.

H. B.

LXXVI.

BOUND for the shore of Colchis,
My hero sailed from Greece,
Where, aided by my second fair,
He won the golden Fleece.

- 1 This city frowns o'er Hinnom's vale.
- 2 She did her slaughtered lord bewail.
- 3 He went to find the Holy Grail.
- 4 She lonely wept in Ida's vale.
- 5 He loved Egeria, says the tale.

A. L.

LXXVII.

How Addison's fox-hunting squire,
Would swell with indignation dire,
Could he but rise again and view
This great Hippophagist to-do !
"Surely," he'd cry, "these men are pigs,
Or else they're worse, they must be Whigs !
I used to love my horses dearly,
As well as wife and children nearly,
And kept my hunters in the stable,
But never had them brought to table.
'Tis true, I'd ride 'em, feed 'em, beat 'em,
But never, never, could I eat them !
Now times are changed, when hunting's over,
Butler, not hounds, then draws the cover,
And there displays, as second course,
'A joint of master's favourite horse !'
Now grooms dispose of worn-out hunters,
Not to the knackers, but to Gunter's."
Thus he—then into air again
He vanished, leaving *me* to reign,
The ruling fashion, for a little space,
'Till some new interest usurps my place.

- 1 How to cook me t'would be hard to tell,
The French no doubt would do it well,
They'd serve me, spiced and flavoured too,
Till you'd forget that I was glue.
- 2 Or p'raps they fry me in my second,
The Frenchman's favourite cookery reckoned.
- 3 I wonder if La Mancha's knight
Ever dreamt, in wildest flight,
As he jogged along the way,
That perhaps they'd eat my third one day;
- 4 And chop and spice the poor old beast
Into my fourth for civic feast.
- 5 My favourite horse may feel secure,
From teeth of greedy epicure;
Deep in *my last* his bones shall lie,
While *this* records his memory.

P. J. L.

LXXVIII.

"LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before."

"Give me the unconquered sea;
Daily, since the worlds begin,

She is beaten gloriously,
Only to return and win."

- 1 (Content) "to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."
- 2 "Her people all around the royal chariot agitated,
Madly dashed the darts together, writhing barbarous lineaments,
Roared as when the rolling breakers boom and blanch on the precipices."
- 3 "Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon;
May glides onward into June."
- 4 *She* "might wear as fair a jewel as is on earth,
Not violating the bond of like to like."

M. T.

LXXIX.

A POET AND HIS TITLE.

- 1 By his rash hand a king was slain.
- 2 She gathered lilies on *my* plain.
- 3 A prince of this did o'er us reign.
- 4 He sails across the stormy main.

- 5 When Christmas time comes round again.
- 6 Here fought a lovely maid of Spain.
- 7 Oft, oft they charge, but all in vain.
- 8 Bending o'er many a couch of pain.

A & M. L.

LXXX.

TWO POETS.

- 1 ON trees I'm generally found,
Of varied form, but often round.
- 2 Australian bird which cannot fly,
With head erect full six feet high.
- 3 A place of rest, where rose and eglantine
In gentle shade their foliage combine.
- 4 Sweet smelling blossoms grow on me,
Much treasured by the busy bee.
- 5 The huntress goddess, bright and fair,
Was worshipped by the people there.

F. L.

LXXXI.

A POET'S POEM.

- 1 "OFT did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn —— has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield,
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke !

- 2 "One morn I missed him on the 'custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
 Another came, nor yet beside the — ,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
- 3 "No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread — ,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.
- 4 (Reversed) "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of
 power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour ;
 The paths of — lead but to the grave.
- 5 "Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl doth to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient — reign."

W. T. L.

LXXXII.

A NOVEL AND ITS HEROINE.

My first in gloomy grandeur towers
 Above the swiftly flowing stream,
 Its bells ring out the passing hours,
 In the pale moon's light, or the sun's bright beam.

Many a year has passed and gone

Since my lovely second did thither fly,
And protection seek at the virgin's shrine,
From the fearful death she was doomed to die.

- 1 Again you see my first before you stand,
- 2 A welcome sight, I ween, in desert land.
- 3 A soldier's famous valet here you see.
- 4 This to find out, perhaps, you'll puzzled be.
- 5 Son of a southern clime, his plaintive song,
- 6 Tells us that in the house she's not alone.
- 7 A waiting woman oft called this you'll find,
- 8 Or shorter thus, as perhaps you'll call to mind.
- 9 My second and my last you here will see,
Which perhaps, like me, to see well pleased
you'll be.

EDWIN L.

LXXXIII.

Oh! charming writer, when wilt thou recross
Those briny waves which wind and billows toss,
Again to cheer us with thy homely tale,
Thy flowing wit, and charms that never fail.

- 1 One of his heroes by my first is named.
- 2 Three Roman brothers for their valour famed.
- 3 A puny race my next, long made a show.
- 4 O'er this the rapid torrents dash and flow.

- 5 They drank these waters, and all care forgot.
6 Oh lovely garden! fair and hallowed spot.
7 Even in death his spirit found no rest,
Ever by ceaseless toil and pain oppress.

A. M. L.

LXXXIV.

- A SULLEN, solitary boy,
He left his native land
To seek his fortune, or to die
Upon a foreign strand.
But danger swift and sudden came,
And roused his hidden powers,
He fought and won, and now we claim
That land as ours.
- 1 A country, lying 'neath the glow
That tropic sunbeams pour,
On lofty mountains tipped with snow,
And a line of fertile shore.
- 2 The stifling coils are closer wound,
He struggles in their clasp
In vain ; next moment he is found
Dead in the huge snake's grasp.

- 3 Wandering by the "dark blue sea,"
 Thee the immortal poet sung ;
 No such strains of war and glory
 Since those days have rung.
- 4 "Go bring the queen, and let her grace
 My banquet with her beauty rare ;
 She will not come ? then in her place
 I'll put another one as fair."
- 5 Child of beauty, grace, and feeling,
 Mrs. Stowe's most sweet creation,
 Love and pity not concealing,
 For the oppressed and outcast nation.
- M. J. L.

LXXXV.

My first long wielded war's terrific flail,
 Heedless of orphan's cry or widow's wail,
 Till nations rose, and, mid the ocean's foam,
 Fast bound him to my second's island home.

- 1 When golden sunbeam pierces the dim wave,
 I rise and spread my sail, the winds to brave.
- 2 An insect, whose short name we often find
 Linked with the man who's much to sleep inclined.

- 3 The clergyman without me gets no dues,
No pulpit needs, no sermon, and no pews.
- 4 With narrow leaf, and fruit of greenish brown,
The victor and the feast alike I crown.
- 5 Again victorious wreath my leaves afford,
When poet sings, and listening crowds applaud.
- 6 This lady lived in bowery leafy home,
All nature mourned when she was forced to roam.
- 7 Amid the shining starry hosts on high,
This belted hero meets your gazing eye.
- 8 A Roman emperor, whose reign we'll fix
About the period A.D. 76.

H. B.

LXXXVI.

'NEATH many an overarching tree
The fallow deer may hide in me.

My next spreads far and wide
Over the moors its purple hue,
Until the distance fades in blue
Upon the mountain side;
Our glories autumn shall unfold
With hues of purple and of gold.

- 1 His friends, around the suff'rer's bed,
In sorrow lift his drooping head;

But whilst I last, I still shall give
A lingering hope that he may live.

- 2 A much enduring horse was I,
And bore my master company
In many as strange adventurous deed,
As in romance he loved to read.
- 3 Last of thy race, by cruelty
Of heartless conquerors doomed to die.
- 4 The mystic reasonings of my next,
The German mind have oft perplexed.
- 5 Upon the heights of Bannockburn
She watched the battle fierce and stern.

M^T. T.

LXXXVII.

THE PARENTS OF THE LAST BUT NOT
THE LEAST OF THE PROPHETS.

- 1 A FISHERMAN but not an Apostle.
- 2 A name under which a woe was pronounced
against Jerusalem.
- 3 The father of one of the minor prophets, and
also a messenger.
- 4 A woman who prompted the revengeful choice
of another.

- 5 A prophetess.
6 The woman who was saved by saving some spies.
7 One of the most fickle people on the face of the earth.
8 The mountain on which the first vessel on record was left high and dry.
9 The third man born into the world.

E. S. L.

LXXXVIII.

"IN vain or fertile fields invite its stay,
In vain or roughest rocks oppose its way;
It bounds o'er all, and insolent of force,
Still hurries headlong on a downward course."

"The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round."

- 1 "Broad and white, and polished as silver,
On she goes under fruit-laden trees."
2 "Flower of the desert though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee."

- 3 “And I could weep,’ the Oneyda chief
His discant wildly thus began,
‘But that I may not strain with grief
The death-song of my father’s son.’”
- 4 “And one would still adjust her veil,
Disordered by the summer gale,
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy.”
- 5 “He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring’d with the azure world he stands.”

E. L., JUN.

LXXXIX.

Many a lovely Moorish maid,
Oft among my towers has played;
And in shady grove,
Resting from the heat of noon,
Or beneath the silvery moon,
Dreamt her dream of love.

Where I tower among the hills,
Only gloom the spirit fills,
With foreboding fear;

Here a monarch, worn and weary,
Glosed his life in penance dreary,
Moody and austere.

- 1 When from her home my first was brought,
- 2 To grace my second's giddy court,
Did no o'ershadowing fear
Foretell the scene of blood and strife,
The prison cell, the beam, the knife,
Which closed their brief career?
- 3 When Catherine, my next to stay,
On Saint Bartholomew's red day,
Planned her fierce deed of blood;
- 4 This prince, the youngest of his race,
Though weak, irresolute, and base,
Alone the crime withstood.
- 5 No longer now my next in fear
Holds the rich laden muleteer
Among Granada's hills.
- 6 But lo! when my sixth's carbine rings,
And swift its flight, the bullet wings,
His soul with terror fills.

- 7 My seventh is a lady's name,
 An artist she, well known to fame,
 8 And skilled to paint my last—
 Whether he sniff the mountain air,
 Or driven to the country fair—
 By none she is surpassed.

A. L.

XC.

My first's a mighty city,
 With hum of business rife.
 My next you needs must guess,
 Or call the Sphinx to life.
 And though self-praise does not go far,
 Yet still I must confess,
 I make a capital Acrostic,
 For all the world to guess,

- 1 The land of fleecy flocks and shepherd boys ;
 Pure were its pleasures, innocent its joys :
 2 At which my second snarls, his jaundiced eye,
 A worm in every blossom doth espy.
 3 Faith without works to him is a dead letter,
 If some wrote more, and others less, t'were better.
 4 A lovely city 'neath Italian skies,
 An island's capital behold me rise.

- 5 My fifth towards Rome seemed too much inclined,
I'm glad to hear lately he's altered his mind.
- 6 Roaring and dashing on my turbid way,
Sprinkling my verdant banks with gems of spray.
- 7 The name of a great Italian poet,
If you do not, you ought to know it.
- 8 A German town where raged the deadly strife,
Napoleon lost a battle here and many a noble
life.

P. J. L.

XCI.

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure ;
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

"Break up the heavens, oh Lord, and far,
Through all your starlight keen,
Draw me thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean."

- 1 "I drowned the whoopings of the owl with sound
Of pious hymns and psalms, and sometimes saw
An angel stand and watch me as I sang."

- 2 "The high masts flickered as they lay afloat,
The crowds, the temples wavered, and the shore;
The bright death quivered at the victims throat,
Touched, and I knew no more."
- 3 "The Forum's champion and the people's chief,
Her new-born Numa, thou, with reign alas too brief."
- 4 "Surnamed the courteous, fair and strong."
- 5 "Here was the knight, and here he left his shield."
- 6 "As by the lattice you reclined,
I went through many wayward moods,
To see you dreaming and behind
A summer crisp with shining woods."
- 7 (Reversed) "She took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name."
- 8 "Her loveliness with shame and with surprise,
Froze my swift speech, she turning on my face
The starlike sorrows of immortal eyes
Spoke slowly from her place."

- 9 "All in the wild March morning,
 I heard the angels call,
 It was when the moon was setting,
 And the dark was over all."
- 10 "Henceforward let there be,
 Once every year a joust for one of these."

M. L.

XCII.

BRAVE thousands he led to the bloody strife,
 Eager for glory, and lavish of life,
 Woe to the children, and woe to the wife,
 Weeping at home.

His good ship sails o'er the deep deep sea, [free ;
 While round him the waves dance joyous and
 He fears not the billows e'en though they be
 Crowned with white foam.

- 1 From thy proud ports the merchant men sailed forth
 To sell their costly wares, south, east, and north.
- 2 Noble and brave, but terrible when wrath,
 Hark ye to Scotland's moan.
- 3 "The battled towers, the donjon keep,
 The loophole grates where captives weep,
 The flanking walls that round it sweep,
 In yellow lustre shone."

- 4 Afford me some excitement please,
 I'm tired of balls, and concerts tease,
 My thirst for change I can't appease
 I'm danced to skin and bone.
- 5 This piratical gentleman "tore his hair,
 And smote his breast in wild despair;"
- 6 The Dutchman suffered, what did he care,
 Against the heretic all was fair.
- 7 Proudly I'm placed on the glad victor's brow,
 What will he not venture for glory now,
 He'll rush to a bloody death I trow,
 Anything, everything, ready to dare.

M^{RA}. L.

XCIII.

IN spring my second is my first to feathered
 wanderer free,
 My justly celebrated first my second is to me.

- 1 Bare-legged in many a shallow stream to catch
 my fish I wade.
- 2 I hang among the varnished leaves that form
 Valencia's shade.

- 3 I line the nest and deck the glade in soft luxu-
riance spread,
4 And I supply the snowy crest that waves on
Julia's head.

S. L.

XCIV.

My first's an animated story,
Of Christian knights and Moslems grim,
Fighting for old Jerusalem
And gaining both immortal glory.

My last the author's surname tells,
A Frenchman with a ready wit ;
Phillippa of Hainault's favourite ;
In prose or poetry he excels.

- 1 When the Mahometan's belief,
By sword and violence was spread,
And Bagdad was the empire's head,
This was the title of their chief.
- 2 The greatest poet of all ages,—
Hecuba's grief, brave Hector's might,
Great Jove upon Olympus' height,
Are pictured in his glowing pages.

H

- 3 Murdered beside his lady's chair,
The favourite servant dying lies,
For he received before her eyes,
The royal assassin's dagger there.
- 4 In those dark days when knightly honour,
Occasioned many a bloody strife,
This house with deeds of violence rife,
Opposed the might of great Colonna.
- 5 Behold a land where freedom reigns,
But many a deed of warlike might,
Was needed to secure the right,
And break the Spanish despot's chains.
- 6 For many days his eager eyes
The ocean's surface scan in vain,
Until, like Venus from the main,
These fairy islands slowly rise.
- 7 This crown my brow oppresses sore,
I fain would leave my northern home,
Embrace the holy faith at Rome,
There rest, and never leave it more.

- 8 See in the flames the martyr stand,
 And hear his last prophetic shout,—
 “A candle that shall ne’er go out,
 To-day we kindle in the land.”
- 9 Though warned to flee, the people’s need,
 Bade him withstand the tyrant’s power ;
 Imprisoned in the self-same hour,
 Behold him on the scaffold bleed.

EDH. L.

XCV.

TWO RIVERS.

“THESE rivers rush into the sea,
 By castle and town they go ;
 The winds behind them merrily
 Their noisy trumpets blow.”

- 1 One of these rivers broad and deep,
 2 The goddess cupbearer no fairer seen.
 3 Near Russian lands thy peaceful waters sleep.
 4 In southern climes a shrub for ever green.
 5 We all do this, and ever wander from our course,
 7 As doth my next, a river, wind from its lovely
 source.

A. L., JUN.

XCVI.

My first a country noted is
 Of old for all its sages ;
 My second has its chief town been
 For many, many ages.

- 1 A nymph now 'mid the stars as poets sing.
- 2 The Christian name of Scotland's patriot king.
- 3 A queen whose hand in wedlock ne'er was given.
- 4 The hour that lends a pensive charm to heaven.
- 5 An isle for coffee, and elephants famed.
- 6 A river, one of the four oldest named.

G. M. T.*

XCVII.

"LAST came, and last did go
 The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
 Two massive keys he bore of metals twain."

- 1 "Son of the sable night,
 Brother to death, in silent darkness born."
- 2 "Dead and driven,
 As thy native foam thou art,
 With the cestus long done heaving
 On the white calm of thy heart.
 Ah Adonis ! at that shriek
 Not a tear runs down thy cheek."

- 3 "With what a look of proud command
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune."
- 4 "Mistress ! what mistress ! Juliet ! fast I warrant
her :—
Why lamb ! why lady ! fie you slug-a-bed !"
- 5 "The kingdoms of this world to thee I give ;
For given to me I give to whom I please ;
No trifle : yet with this reserve, not else,
On this condition if thou wilt fall down
And worship me as thy superior lord."

M. J. L.

XCVIII.

My first around my second girls entwine,
To save their souls, or catch the sleek divine.

- 1 My first in stole and chasuble may dwell,
As well as in the fast Dundreary swell.
- 2 If you in two a Sandwich bishop bite,
His last two syllables will form this light.
- 3 If in an ivy bush a Scot should see
My third he would exclaim "Hoot mon, 'tis he!"

- 4 My next the weather mild will quickly bring ;
 Admire its form, but, oh ! beware its sting.
 5 Old men with disobedient sons beware
 How in your agony you tilt your chair.
 6 With candles, incense, and embroidered gown,
 Behold the sacred pantomime and clown.
 C. H.* and R. L.*

XCIX.

QUADRANGULAR ACROSTIC.

- 1 My first's a school a king did found.
 2 My next's a book that's nicely bound.
 3 The oracles my next expound.
 4 This river flows through fenny ground.
 F. H. L.*

C.

My first in olden time
 Would scare strong men and freeze their blood,
 My second long ago
 Perished beneath the roaring flood ;
 And lands which bear his name
 Have witnessed other wrecks of recent fame.

- 1 Creation's explanation.
- 2 Queen of a mournful king.
- 3 Our brightest constellation.
- 4 What ships from Calais bring.
- 5 I did most willingly receive
All the "poor widow" had to give.

H. T.*

CI.

WALKING in London one fine day
 I listened to the street-boy's lay ;
 Till quite bewildered by their singing
 This burden in my ears was ringing :—
 How the lovely Isabella used "a gingham umbrella,"
 Though "her father kept a barber's shop at
 Islington,"
 Till "Villikins and his Dinah," and the charming
 "Jemima"
 Walked with "pretty little Polly Perkins" to
 Paddington ;
 Where they heard how "gorging Jack and guzzling
 Jemmy
 Had eaten up poor little Billy,"
 Who bore "it like a man" I fancy,
 Saying he'd "live and die with Nancy."

This story made them all "turn pale,"
And loud exclaim "a norri-bull tale!"
And the "ratcatcher's daughter" her wares did cry,
"Mouse-traps" for sale, "who'll buy, who'll buy?"
Next came "sweet Peggy," though 'twas not
 "market-day,"
And trotting behind her "car" "old dog Tray;"
That "faithful" beast seemed in too much dejection
With the "three jolly dogs" to have any connection.
Next "the lost child" with wandering footsteps
 came,
When asked, he said, that "Champagne Charlie was
 his name."
He'd left his home in "Dixie's land," where "of
 troubles he'd seen a few,"
With the "little vulgar boy" in the gutter to "paddle
 his own canoe."
Then he'd "put his shoulder to the wheel," which
 had nearly cost a limb;
For though he'd "waited for the waggon" it wouldn't
 wait for him;
But this had wrought a "perfect cure," and from it
 he'd take warning,
And go a "marching home again" "so early in
 the morning."

He said this to "Ka-foozle-um," who ever "sweet
and smirk,"

As "queen of the sewing-machine" sat very hard
at work.

She said "if you'll be patient you presently shall
see"

That "young man from the country who keeps
company with me."

He'll take you home, a nice young man, his Chris-
tian name is Harry,

And he's the man I tell you, "the man I wish to
marry."

In spite of that old gentleman, whose suit was very
pressing,

The post of "old man's darling" I thought not
worth possessing.

Not though he were the "galloping snob" that rides
in Rotten Row,"

I still would say this hand was "not for Joseph,
oh ! dear, no."

1 From town to town we darkies go,
Singing and playing on "de ole banjo."

2 I also had a dusky face,
Though not of Ethiopian race.

- 3 I am a "mighty great man" for tin,
And ride in an elegant palanquin.
4 Hunted by foes, and tracked by spies,
The exile dons a safe disguise.
5 Come, all must join and loudly sing,
We'll make the very welkin ring.

P. J. L.

CII.

A GHOSTLY airy thing my first,
Of terror born, of superstition nursed;
Transpose some letters of my name,
And now I am of royal fame
Stretched out in favour to the suppliant's claim.

- 1 A king of Egypt long ago.
2 On Stock Exchange a fearful foe.
3 I in the garden greenly grow.
4 I'm set with many a gaudy bow.
5 A threefold cord of finest dough.
6 A brawler in the tavern low.
7 In Germany my waters flow.

H. B.

CIII.

QUADRANGULAR ACROSTIC.

- 1 IN robes of scarlet see him sit.
 - 2 A place for cakes and puddings fit.
 - 3 A fairy angel "at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate."
 - 4 To wed king Arthur's knight her fate.
- MRA. L.

CIV.

WITH his sickle so keen he lays me low,
No more over me may the breezes blow,
For he comes and I must go.

- 1 Of coral or rock in the deep blue sea.
- 2 Though sorrows be many beware of me.
- 3 In music rapidly.
- 4 Fair isles beyond India and rich Cathay.
- 5 Soaring aloft on his winged way.
- 6 Rolling on, night and day.

A. L., JUN.

CV.

SAINT and Crusader,
He died at my fifth.

- 1 "Go, on a thankless errand,
 Fear not to touch the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant ;
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie."
- 2 "For that olde man of pleasing words had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass,
 He tolde of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
 He strowed an Ave Mary after and before."
- 3 "And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
 I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath,
 Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
 In dizziness of distance."
- 4 "And, calm as cherished hate, its surface wears
 A deep cold settled aspect naught can shake,
 All coiled into itself, and round as sleeps the snake."

5

* * * * *

MT. T.

CVI.

"ALL day within the dreamy house
 The doors upon their hinges creaked,
 The blue fly sung in the pane, the mouse
 Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked."

- 1 "When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch,
Twice or thrice, his roundelay."
- 2 "You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily."
- 3 "Sea king's daughter, from over the sea."
- 4 "He stood in the rain and the wet,
Where he and his publishers met."
- 5 "*Then* all in spaces rosy bright,
Large Hesper glittered on her tears,
And, deepening through the silent spheres,
Heaven over heaven rose the night."
- 6 "And there the world-worn poet grasped his song,
And somewhat grimly smiled."

M. L.

CVII.

"THE children of England take pleasure in breaking
What the children of Holland take pleasure in
making."

- 1 It thunders on its way,
Its course no hand can stay.
- 2 Renowned in negro song,
This river flows along.
- 3 This time can never last,
'Tis always in the past.
- 4 And now our work is ended,
We hope by this attended.

M. J. L.

CVIII.

AN English monarch, in a foreign land,
Demands a sacrifice to stay his hand
And spare the town ; my second suppliants see,
A band of patriots on the bended knee,
Willing to die for others' liberty.

My gentle first her wedded lord draws nigh,
A woman's pity in her tearful eye ;
Stern Edward's heart receives the gracious shower,
Mercy rejoices o'er vindictive power,
Weak woman is the conqueror of that hour.

- 1 A place much famed for mutiny.
- 2 Here is a bishop in the "sea."

- 3 A river "rolling rapidly."
- 4 The tale of the voyage I tell to thee.
- 5 We suffer much from the absentee.
- 6 The epicure doth pamper me.
- 7 I stand as still as a P. O. S. T.
- 8 My wards I keep under lock and key.

H. B.

CIX.

WE are a pair, no doubt of that at all,
Together through each clime we tramp our way,
On mountain tops with ice and snow we play;
We win a man his race, or cause his fall,
'Tis ours to toss for him the large round ball,
Amid the shouts of lads and lasses gay.

- 1 If we get into them how Jack would call!
But he would shake us out and run away.
- 2 The winner of "the high jump" this may cry,
When he gets breath enough to make a sound.
- 3 The sandalled emperor might have told you why
He proudly stepped without us on the ground.
- 4 But though a lace alone, our next may fill,
Reader, we are your humble servants still.

E. S. L.

CX.

Two mighty agents, or for good or ill,
Minute our work, yet all the world we fill
With love, or hate, ambition, or despair.
Wrath moves us here, and tender pity there,
So mute, so eloquent, well known, obscure,
So deep that blackness, and this white so pure.

- 1 'Twas here an Indian climbed a mountain tall,
And caught a stunted shrub to save a fall.
Its root upturn, the shining treasure shows,
And, lo ! a stream of wealth to Europe flows.
- 2 Her shallop darted o'er the lake's calm tide,
And to the stranger's horn her voice replied.
'Twas Scotia's monarch "drew the glittering band,
And gently laid the clasp upon her hand."
- 3 Into this rocky inlet of the sea,
The shipwrecked mariners or pirates flee.
Behold me in the glen, the town, the tower,
Call me a pigstye, or a fairy bower.

S. L.

CXI.

My *second* was a man of lofty mind,
Whose aim it was to rule o'er all mankind ;

Three centuries and more have passed away,
Yet you may see my first unto this day,
Who strive, where'er they can, to enter in,
O'er human' souls the mastery to win.

- 1 Much prized am I by all the fair.
- 2 Go to the hills, you'll find me there.
- 3 I'm one of seven, named by men of old,
- 4 Minerva's shield displays my form so bold.
- 5 In foreign lands, alas ! I do abound.
- 6 O'er merry song I reigned in classic ground.

A. M. S.

CXII.

Two mighty cities in an eastern land,
Famous for beauty, indolence, and pride ;
Their stately palaces no longer stand
Watching the river's ever rushing tide.
From the world's bitter scorn, old Time's kind hand,
With friendly earth their ruined pomp doth hide.

- 1 Covered with jewels, and gold, and pearls,
High on an elephant see him ride.
On his ivory throne he sits alone—
Alone in his pride.

- 2 But that mighty kingdom, which once he claimed,
Was seized by a foreign band,
Which came o'er the foam, from their island home,
And conquered the land.
- 3 The cold was intense, and my limbs were stiff,
And beyond the feeling of pain ;
If these letters you read, and do not heed,
Then small is your gain.
- 4 With a jaundiced eye, and a spiteful tongue,
He dogs his rival's path ;
Oh ! he is unblest, for this fiend is possessed—
Possessed of his hearth.
- 5 Stately she sails o'er the white-crested waves,
A brisk wind blows from the south,
Which has carried her back, o'er a foamy track,
To the harbour mouth.
- 6 One of the nine lovely daughters of Greece,
The soul of the lute and the lyre ;
Every love-breathing rhyme, and lyric sublime,
This muse doth inspire.

- 7 Of wonders the first in the ancient world,
 Where roses and lilies fair,
 Perfumed the breeze, beneath wide-spreading trees,
 Earth floating in air.

EDH. L.

CXIIL

- My first to rebels near allied,
 Devoured with discontent and pride,
 And dangerous, had been reckoned;
 But when our sweet princess appeared,
 Th' inconstant people loudly cheered,
 And straight became my second.
- 1 Where once a stately fane arose,
 The bones of ancient kings repose,
 Upon this little isle.
- 2 While my next, a stranger knight,
 Wins Normandy in open fight,
 And rules there for a while.
- 3 Good people, though your wrongs are great,
 Yet still you might improve your state,
 If this you practised more :
- 4 In vain you go across my next,
 And all the joys of life expect,
 Upon the further shore.

- 5 And then the homes in which you live
 Are such, that I to them must give
 A name you'll not think rightful ;
 Where many a chink lets in the weather,
 And pigs and children live together,
 In concord most delightful.

M. J. L.

CXIV.

QUADRILATERAL ACROSTIC.

- 1 My first's great fun, you can't deny,
 Sometimes on lofty wings *I* fly.
 2 "He laughed at the lass with his bonny black eye."
 3 A fast young man or a garden tool.
 4 In church we bend it as a rule.

F. H. L.*

CXV.

AROUND my first they sat, a glorious band,
 Of knightly truth and valour, types to be,
 To uphold the right, and ever wrong withstand,
 To live in faith, in love, and purity.

Broken their knightly bond, alas, too soon !
 Behold my next, the leader of the band,
 By the lone lake is stretched in deadly swoon,
 Waiting the barge to bear him from the strand.

- 1 Where the tall elms their tow'ring branches rear,
I build my nest secure from year to year.
- 2 Through dark Siberia's land of frost and snow,
To mingle with the Arctic sea I flow.
- 3 Where the dark cypress waves above my head,
I guard the sacred ashes of the dead.
- 4 Quaint German town,—here Albert Durer plied
His glorious art, and here he lived and died.
- 6 Sweet maid ! thy constancy was sorely tried,
Who, for love's sake, unmarried, lived and died.
- 9 In the dim Abbey, let the warrior rest,
The cross he fought for, carved upon his breast.
- 7 Here dwelt the Lily maid, the fair Elaine.
Who loved Sir Lancelot, but loved in vain.
- 8 A simple peasant girl, he made his bride ; [died.
Oppressed by wealth and pomp, she drooped and
- 9 Two matchless bays shall whirl my next along,
Envy and wonder of the gazing throng.
- 10 Long time to break his spells and win his love,
Against my next, the wily Vivien strove.

A. L

CXVI.

LAMENTED scion of a royal race !

In youth's first promise, and in hope's young
bloom,

Far from his native land alone he lies,
His country's hopes were buried in his tomb.

- 1 Fair child of nature, cradled in the sea.
- 2 Charm of the hedgerow, and the garden's pride.
- 3 The sun's warm radiance bids thy crystals flee.
- 4 A far-off land his countless hoards supplied.
- 5 A wondrous stone by skillful graver wrought.
- 6 Land of rich promise, ever vainly sought.

A.C.W.* M.T.

CXVII.

THE sky is black, the ocean heaves,
The angry billows roar,
Through wildest waves the vessel cleaves
Her way, toward fatal shore.
Nor can she long pursue her course,
Loud roars the awful thunder,
Against the rock she strikes with force,
Her masts are torn asunder.

- 1 We hear it said this makes us wise,
But still, 'tis hard to bear ;
- 2 It calls forth this, and many sighs,
Nay more,—oft times despair.

- 3 As with the lovely nymph when left,
By him she loved so well,
To mourn on Ida's mount, bereft,
And there alone to dwell.
- 4 If this of saint or martyr were,
Most précieux it was thought,
- 5 By him who shunned earth's vanity,
And the dim cloister sought.

E. L. jun.

CXVIII.

IN Christian lands a curse and shame,
Soon may my first be but a name
Of hateful sound.
Filling our hearts with gratitude
For the blessings great and good,
My second strews around.

- 1 Long centuries I cried in vain,
The Russian only bound my chain
Tighter than ever ;
- 2 But now rejoice with me,
For he has set me free.
Life and hope giver.

- 3 The art that guides the builder's hands,
See the finished fabric stands
In harmony complete.
- 4 The noble dome, or graceful spire,
Ever springing higher, higher,
Till the clouds / meet.
- 5 Though these meetings are so pleasant,
I think we've had enough at present ;
I'm glad they're over.
Acrostics, though good fun to guess,
I'm tired of writing I confess ;
And shall rejoice when they are this,
And bound in a cover.
- 6 Under me the gondolas ply,
And the blue wavelets rippling by
Lave round my massive piers.
- 7 My next's a root that food supplies ;
The Indian hoards it as a prize,
Stored for less bounteous years.

P. J. L.

CXIX.

My first lived for my second lived and died,
When over merry England swept stern battle's tide,
And puritan and loyalist there fell side by side.

- 1 Thy memory dieth not, for year by year
With renewed power and pathos thy music charms
the ear ;
Now makes the heart exultant beat,
And now draws forth a tear.
- 2 Here a captive lay the sage,
Tortured here by bigot rage,
For his mind outran the age,
A thing not oft forgiven.
- 3 I terrify the weak, and affright the female mind ;
Sometimes I fight, but oftener am peacefully
inclined.
- 4 Who doth not prize thy work,
By which we reap the lore,
In the song of Grecian poet,
Of the warlike days of yore?
- 5 To thee be honour due,
Keep then this end in view ;
Thou hast a work to do—
To cheer the brave.

- 6 Peaceful I feed with others of my kind,
Fearing no harm, unmindful of a care ;
But once aroused by crack of hunter's gun,
With him remains my downfall or despair.
- 7 Defender of our land,
Whose vessels plough the wave ;
Whose fluttering standard waves above
The gallant and the brave.
May they return in safety,
Who have sailed the ocean through,
To see once more their native shore,
Brave wearers of the blue ! SA. L.

CXX.

IF he can prove my first his name,
And should obtain my second,
An heir he'll be to wealth and fame,
A Doughty champion reckoned.

- 1 A great philosopher made me his home.
2 Oh ! how I wish a happy one would come.
3 The course, which if he wins the victor's crown,
4 Will lead my fourth to glory and renown.
5 Of grains of corn I'm surely not the least.
6 A kind of panther, a most cruel beast.

- 7 Vainly I brood on things beyond recall,
Or cast a sombre colouring over all.
- 8 Deadly or soporific this may prove.
- 9 My last will yield before the might of love.

K. T.

CXXI.

A FEMALE fool, and swindling knave,
Now wrangle in a court of law ;
She trying her vast wealth to save,
He tries to keep it in his maw.
Let's hope that when the verdict comes,
She will get back the lion's share ;
And that in gaol he'll find a home,
And won't keep up his spirits there.

- 1 This a man says when at your jest he's wroth,
He'll make you do on t'other side your mouth.
- 2 He's no mere fancy of an author's brain,
In life you will not search for him in vain.
- 3 This vigorous writer's "hoss" became the cause
Of putting down a scandal to our laws.
- 4 Other Acrostics perhaps you've called this name,
I do not doubt that this you'll call the same.

EDWIN L.

CXXII.

THE monarchs fell ; these men with eager feet
Trampled them down, and seized the vacant seat.
Both mighty warriors ; one with iron hand
Crushes his country's foes on sea and land.
Kings trembling seek his friendship to obtain,
The people prosper though a tyrant reign.
The other madly seeks the bloody strife,
Lavish of wealth and prodigal of life ;
So he but win a victor's transient glory
And leave a blood-stained name embalmed in story-

- 1 My first refused to place me on his brow,
But seized the actual power without the show.
- 2 They plant the conquering eagles in the sand,
And Egypt owns the all-victorious hand ;
Presumption vain ! that English pride offends,
Take the initials of the man she sends
To chasten their vain-glorious pride,
And check the flood of victory's bloody tide.
- 3 And now reverse my letters, and you'll find
One to whom fickle fortune was most kind ;

Marshall, prince, king, in turn he all became,
His princely title is the one to name.

- 4 O'er Italy my second's arms extend ;
He won a battle here, but lost a friend.
- 5 From hence, these walls by Inigo designed,
The king steps forth with calm forgiving mind ;
To meet the doom my cruel first decreed,
To heal a nation's wounds their king must bleed.
- 6 My mighty first soon followed to the grave
The child his love was impotent to save.
- 7 I reigned in Naples, Caroline my name,
As my great second's sister known to fame ;
Deposed at length and into exile driven,
This title was by Austria's emperor given.
- 8 A man *I* was of crabbed contentious mind,
For ever splitting straws with all mankind ;
Had I no other foe so quarrelsome I'm reckoned,
'Twas said my first name then would fight my
second.

P. J. L.

CXXIII.

My first a soldier brave and tried,
Full oft in many a bloody fray,
Behold him now in all his pride,
On red Sadowa's fatal day;
'Tis o'er—the fight, we hoped he would have won,
Is lost—who can withstand the dreaded needle gun?

My next a wily statesman see,
Well skilled in intrigue and finesse,
While all the little German States
(Bavaria, Saxony, and Hesse),
In one united Vaterland he binds,
And all their little kings he scatters to the winds.

- 1 My first with arching neck obedient stands,
Or sweeps like lightning o'er the desert sands.
- 2 The ark of God is taken; much I fear,
The news will kill the venerable seer.
- 3 My third a beauteous youth of Helicon;
So sings the poet,
Who saw his own reflection in the stream
And didn't know it.

- 4 My fourth's a very long Greek word,
Which means a song at weddings heard.
- 5 My fifth Ben Jonson calls aright,
A "goddess excellently bright."
- 6 My sixth a mystic sword of wondrous make,
Which Bedivere hurled in the "level lake."
- 7 My seventh and last, a summer temple stands
Rearing its graceful form in eastern lands.

A. L.

CXXIV.

Look in the new world's history,
There both theses honoured names you see.

My first, with brave undaunted soul,
Hoped against hope, pressed to his goal;
Emblem of faith, which strong to endure,
Shall in the end its prize secure.

When Spaniards from the love of gold,
Inflicted cruelties untold
On hapless natives all around,
And mercy's voice in blood was drown'd—

My second often crossed the sea,
On errand of philanthropy,
Oppressor and oppressed to teach,
To bless, to comfort, or to preach;
Untired—an emblem surely he,
Of heaven's abounding charity.

- 1 A kind of ship you first may see,
Of form well known to you and me.
- 2 In friendly strife the Greeks met here,
At stated times—not every year.
- 3 A magic plant of old renowned.
- 4 A tribe in Tartary to be found.
- 5 The enchantress dire I'll name to you,
Whose car the wingèd dragons drew.
- 6 And him whose poems could combine,
Humour and pathos, love and wine.
- 7 One of the Muses may appear
Pointing to the celestial sphere.

8 Here bootless toil, and woe as great,
Strive with inexorable fate.

K. T.

CXXV.

L O C A L.

I'm strict, I'm just,
Severe by some I m reckoned;
These three I must,
I need not be my second.

- 1 Marshal, I proudly place before my name,
In recompense for many a hard-fought field,
Perchance some ray from my brave emperor's fame
Has cast a lingering glory round my shield.
- 2 A monarch's daughter, and a hero's wife,
Who watched her native city fall,
And saw her husband, when deprived of life,
Dragged helpless round the city wall.
- 3 Oh! woe betide when Michaelmas comes round,
And rosy apples tumble to the ground;
Methinks my neck is in the cruel hand,
And savoury smell of onions spreads around.

K

- 4 A soft and tender being, which we tend,
In love and fondness—mutual in the end.
- 5 Along the serried ranks of Spain,
'Mid the thundering din of war,
They've called on me with might and main
To help them from afar.
- 6 Once more indulge me in the sound of clashing
arms,
So rousing to the spirits of the brave,
For mimic war has not real war's alarms,
Nor marshals always to a bloody grave.
- 7 Oh! France, make mourning for the hero's loss,
Who, bravely fighting, on my bosom fell;
Oh! Spain, sound trumpets o'er the illustrious
corse,
Oh! world-wide chivalry, toll forth his knell.
- 8 "—— lads are lads of honour,
Westland rogues are rebels, a'!
When we come within their border,
We may gar the Campbell's claw."

9 Time and I can never tarry,
 Much as mortals wish we may;
 Man must live, and love, and marry,
 Not to-morrow, but to-day.

10 Me oft you'll find if you have a mind,
 In this very lame production;
 Then I pray you be kind, and so amiably blind,
 As to wink at my introduction.

MRA. L.

CXXVI.

FROM ages past, awake! my wand I wave,
 First of the fairest, strongest of the brave.

1 Unpleasing things, yet from them sweets arise.
 2 Then, now, or shall be, cradled in me lies.
 3 They that beneath me sleep, shall yet awaken.
 4 Resplendent gems bestowed, how coldly taken.
 5 Untitled to imperial crown she came.
 6 Voluminous my works, and brief my name.

E. S. L.

CXXVII.

LIGHTLY we fly before the whirling blast,
 And rustling, seem to sigh for summer past;

Still in our glowing tints, reflecting clear
The garnered sunshine of the leafy year.
The artist paints us, and the poet trite,
Sees many a moral in our earthward flight.

1 He brought the firstlings of the herd,
His brother saw, and envy stirred.

2 A sort of "water baby" I;
"Give me a soul"—my constant cry.

3 The harp is mute within my halls,
My music now no more entralls.

4 Two brothers next, each other see,
Of a most important family.

5 My name is heard in peaceful fight,
Amid contending red and white.

6 The soaring lark will give my last,
The acrostic's done—the trouble's past.

H. B.

CXXVIII.

ANCIENT and learned city,
Against all the world.

- 1 "When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty."
- 2 "From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal black curls, as on he rode."
- 3 "She shall be loved, and feared, her own shall
bless her ;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow."
- 4 His name *reversed* who "foremost led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and led the doubtful day,
Whilst Troy's famed streams, that bound the
deathful plain,
On either side ran purple to the main."
- 5 "Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son,
In some fair space of sloping greens
Lay dozing in the vale."

- 6 "I have a wife whom I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she would
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew."
- 7 "The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the
cup."
- 8 Where she lived who said—
"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand."
- 9 Whilst I was writing down the lines you see,
These two did suddenly occur to me.
- 10 "In the hushed grove, around the sacred columns,
All the night long he watched the silvery tree tops,
Opening still pathways to the moon, till faintly
Through the leaves sighing crept the winds of
dawn."

MT. T.

CXXIX.

- "DARKNESS shows us worlds of light we never saw
by day."

- 1 In thy soft folds the fragrant violets hide.
- 2 A mount with "purple brow" and sunny slope.
- 3 Canadian stream, smoothly thy waters glide.
- 4 Oh! saddest word, that tolls the knell of hope.

M. T.

CXXX.

My uprights of two uprights are the crown,
'Neath each alike a burning fire is known ;
Both fires behind restraining bars are seen,
'The convent grim, or range of "Brown and Green."
One fire is fed by zeal of monkish soul,
'The other by a sack of Wallsend coal.

- 1 You'll find me in the chemist's shop,
In crystal, or in acid drop.
- 2 This Grecian king must leave his place
To one of Denmark's royal race.
- 3 I weep all day, but shed no tear,
A paradox is surely here.
- 4 My fourth will clearly show to you
The dose of medicine that is due.

H. R.

CXXXI.

PROUDLY pre-eminent I stand ; beneath my dome
Warriors and statesmen find their long last home.

- 1 I exist actually and metaphorically, nothing surer,
In one form I'm used to make clean, in the other
to make smoother.
- 2 Threat'ning and madly defiant they seek our strand,
But kindly heaven forbids that they should land.
- 3 The secret lies between me and you,
Find it by paraphrase, pray do.
- 4 Upon "the Grampian hills my father feeds his
flocks,"
Where streams and storms of wind have rent the
rocks.
- 5 Frail as we are, we make this boast,
We've sheltered many a martial host.

A. L^R-*

CXXXII.

QUADRUPLE.

WINGED by my first, my second glides ;
My third an unswerving path provides,
While o'er its course my last presides.

- 1 "I'm Charlie's bairn," this bird's unvarying strain.
- 2 A Swiss canton, with vine-clad hill and plain.
- 3 Explore my crowded pages, there you'll find
Things old and new, knowledge of every kind.
- 4 Writer of tales of knight and lady fair.
- 5 Pay close attention, pains nor trouble spare,
If you do this, vain is the writer's care.

M. T.

CXXXIII.

A HERO OF A MODERN NOVEL.

"In native worth and honour clad,
With beauty, courage, strength adorned,
Erect he stands."

"Sublime recluse !
The recreant soul that dares to shun the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget thy
diligence."

- 1 "They tempted me, my beautiful, for hunger's
power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful, but I have loved
too long."

- 2 He "who sings
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things."
- 3 "I heard the camel's moan,
I thought no eye was near, and broke her bonds,
And drove her forth to liberty and life."
- 4 "He is coming, he is coming, like a bridegroom
from his room,
Came the hero from his prison, to the scaffold
and the doom.

A. C. W.*

CXXXIV.

"THIS soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be."

- 1 "The proud bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him."
- 2 "She loved a Jew, that is her story."

- 3 "The furious German comes, with his clarions
and his drums,
His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks, grasp your pikes,
close your ranks,
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall."
- 4 "I am a merry lad, and if at times
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court
Amidst my wine, you know no harm was meant."
- 5 "'Sad is my fate,' said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me."
- 6 "We reclined
Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze
That whispered through the palms, or idly played
With the lithe flag aloft. A forest scene
On either side drew its slope line of green."
- 7 "I wandered on to many a shrine,
By faith or ages made divine.

M. J. L. & EDH. L.

CXXXV.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

THREE WICKED BROTHERS.

FIRST.

"INFLAMED with fury and fierce hardyhead
He seemed in heart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind."

SECOND.

"Full large of limb and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point."

THIRD.

"The most unruly and the boldest boy,
That ever over warlike weapons menagèd
Ne nought he cared whom he endamaged."

- 1 He on his pillar points unto the skies.
- 2 After the Calydonian boar she flies.
- 3 Read of this saint in Montalembert's page,
And see the history of that dark age.
- 4 By this all honest labour should be crowned.
- 5 He who has gained it then my next is found.
- 6 Rowland's advertisements speak oft of me,
- 7 Once more the wandering minstrels here you see.

M^T. T.

CXXXVI.

If you alter one letter before you stand,
 The sage and the goose whichever you choose ;
 Sure wisdom and folly must go hand in hand,
 If such a slight change makes a sage of a goose.

- 1 My first cross light another sage shall be.
- 2 A transatlantic river next you see.
- 3 The wind is down, the tempest is at rest.
- 4 The vicar sought this daughter, sore distressed.
- 5 He bore the order and the charge was made,
 The gallant onset of the "Light Brigade."

P. J. L.

CXXXVII.

THE mountain poured its sheets of flame,
 On all alike a horror came,
 And see the ruin falls ;
 The wicked priest in terror dies,
 His victim with Ione, flies
 Beyond the city walls.

- 1 Upon her happy wedding-day,
- & Hiding from all in childish play,
- 2 Untimely fate she met,

And he who vainly sought his bride
Went wandering hopeless far and wide,
In grief and wild regret.

3 (Reversed) For centuries in peace profound
Sleeps the good king, his knights around,
But Friedrich comes again ;
For when the world is full of wrong
He will return, so runs the song,
And joy and peace shall reign.

4 So fair her form, so sweet her face,
& With "holinesse" angelic grace,
5 And such a stately mien.
E'en he who hates the world beside,
Had viewed this vision fair with pride,
Had he the maiden seen.

6 She leaves the fisher kind and true,
& The island and the forest too,
7 With Huldibrand to go ;
For those who haunt the stream and grove,
Are given a human soul, if love
Of human hearts they know.

MT. T.

CXXXVIII.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

My second Darwin seems to think,
Between my first and third's the link ;
And that the human race first sprang,
From some fine old ourang-outang
Or great baboon, if we had rather
Respect him as our first forefather ;
And though we're naturally offended
When said from apes to be descended,
Perhaps they felt the same objection
When Darwin first claimed the connection.
" Presumptuous mortals," they might cry,
" To trace your pedigree so high,
Such vain endeavour needs must fail,
For in the first place where's your tail ?
At climbing you're no good at all,
Without a tail to save your fall ;
And as for hands you've but one pair,
We've each a couple for our share.
What though your figure or your face,
Bears some resemblance to our race,
And a strong likeness you discover,
That doesn't prove that you're our brother.

(Still if the likeness you find out
It must be there without a doubt).
To claim you we've no inclination,
You're such a very "Poor Relation."

- 1 Two or more metals well fused into one,
By aid of quicksilver it is done.
- 2 My second's an opera once well known,
Its brief popularity now is flown.
- 3 My third is sure to impress upon you
That he's a descendant of Brien Booru.
- 4 My fourth has two ways, but both are not "high,"
One down in the dairy, one up in the sky.
- 5 My fifth is a lye, yet still it is true
It helps to make glass, soap, and things not a few.
- 6 My sixth with his tiny stinging dart.
Makes the poor captive traveller smart.
- 7 Of my strange adventures and wonderful fate,
Does Sheherezade the story relate.

W. T. & P. J. L.

CXXXIX.

A POET AND HIS HOME.

- 1 "A MAN of reverent age,
But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired."
- 2 "Above, some half-worn letters say,
'Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
Who built this cross and well.'"
- 3 "But yet I run before my horse to market,
Clarence still breathes. Edward still lives and
reigns,
When they are gone, then I must count my gains."
- 4 "—— sport as now thou sportest,
On this platform light and free,
Take thy bliss, whilst longest, shortest,
Are indifferent to thee."
- 5 "Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,
Joying to feel herself alive,
Lord over nature, lord of the visible earth,
Lord of the senses five."

- 6 "By the shining big sea water
Stood the dwelling of Nokomis,
Dark behind it rose the forest."
- 7 "Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year. The battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed."
- 8 "The gallant and good."
- 9 "Diana's looking-glass,
Round, clear, and bright as heaven."
- 10 "Many a mountain passed and valley wide,
Then reached the wild, where in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone he spied
An ancient man. His harp lay him beside."
M. T.

CXL.

MOTHER AND WIFE.

- "And beside him a pure form
Of roseate light the angel mother hangs."
- "At the gate of Paradise her houri form,
Welcomed her husband to eternal bliss."

- 1 "The mercury has fallen as low as low can be,
But lower, lower, sinks my heart whene'er I
think of thee."
- 2 On such a tranquil night as this,
When sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.
- 3 The wind and the beam loved the rose,
And the rose loved one.
- 4 "In her veins runs the blood of the last of the
Neros."
- 5 On his dial, the sun returned ten degrees.
- 6 "When he saw thee who art best,
Past compare and loveliest,
He but judged thee as the rest."

A. C. W.*. & M^T. T.

CXLI.

HERO AND HEROINE.

- 1 His cousin he had loved from childish years.
2 For lost Argemone, he weeps sad tears.
- 3 Some say that they have loyal grown of late,
"The church" they cry, "must sever from the
state."

- 4 By Leonard was the gentle girl beloved.
5 Through all, she faithful to our hero proved.

MT. T.

CXLII.

We are crimson and orange, we are purple and red,
We lie at your feet or we float overhead,
Our beauty increases the longer we stay,
But the sharp breath of winter soon scares us away.

- 1 Some people think this is a kind of slow poison,
While others maintain it saves lives, not de-
stroys 'em.
- 2 An expression you use when you want to make
known,
That the thing you are speaking of equal has none.
- 3 A stuff of which formerly dresses were made,
But which went out with patches, round hoops,
and brocade.
- 4 Reverse these two letters, and then you will find,
A taste that of late years has somewhat declined.
- 5 A state of which many will tell you with pleasure,
If you enter in haste, you'll repent at your leisure.

- 6 We are bad, we are good, we are grave, we are gay,
To your homes with the papers we come every day.

M. J. L.

CXLIII.

TWO GALLANT CAVALIERS.

“THEN awa’ to the hills, and awa’ to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I’ll crouch wi’ the fox ;
Then tremble false Whigs in the midst of your glee,
For ye’ll ne’er see the last o’ my bonnets and
me.”

“See the white rose in his bonnet,
See his banner o’er the Tay,
His gude sword he now has drawn it,
And has flung the sheath away.”

- 1 “And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen’s clamorous cheer.”
- 2 “So help me heaven, and my good blade,
No never,—blasted be your pine,
My father’s ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part,
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart.”

- 3 "I charge thee boy, if e'er thou meet,
With one of Assynt's name,
Face him as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown,
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down."
- 4 "Let me see the purple heather,
Let me hear the thundering tide,
Be it hoarse as Corrievreckan,
Spouting when the storm is high,
Give me but one —— of Scotland,
Let me see it ere I die."
- 5 "The Moors have come from *their countrie*,
To spoil and waste and slay,
And king Alonzo of Castile,
Must fight with them to-day.
'Now shame it were,' cried good Lord James,
'Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turned aside,
From the cross in jeopardie.'"
- 6 "First of heroes, best of men,
Every true and lusty Stewart,
Blythely leaves his native glen."

MT. T.

CXLIV.

"STUDYING

The solemn faces which gazed back to them,
Hushed in eternal quiet, but which seemed
In silence eloquent, had often seen
Those pictured deeds of heroes long at rest."

- 1 "Faithful remembrancer of one so dear !
Oh ! welcome guest, tho' unexpected here."
- 2 "She had no knowledge when the day was done ;
And the new moon she saw not, but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moistened it with tears unto the core."
- 3 "Her slender palms together pressed,
Heaving sometimes on her breast,
Her face resigned to bliss or bale,
Her face, oh ! call it fair, not pale."
- 4 "Ich soll
Mit meiner Armbrust auf das liebe Haupt,
Des eignen Kindes zielen. Eher sterb ich !"
- 5 "Up to the fisher's cottage comes a knight,
And seeks to wed thee, lovely water-sprite."

- 6 "I turned in my saddle, and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the peak right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the
bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Rowland a bit.
- 7 "Hurrah! the foes are moving, hark to the
mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and
roaring culverin!"

M. J. L.

CXLV.

- "FOR our dear prince Henry's sake
I will myself the offering make,
And give my life to purchase his."
- 1 "Then he beheld in a dream once more the home
of his childhood,
Green Arcadian meadows with sylvan rivers
among them."
- 2 "I am the daughter of a river-god,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gathered mist."

- 3 " Oh ! Gabriel, oh ! my beloved,
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot
 behold thee ?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice
 does not reach me ?"
- 4 " Tuscan ! that wanderest through the realm of
 gloom
With thoughtful pace, and sad majestic eyes ;
Stern thoughts, and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb."
- 5 " A rough sailor lad,
Made orphan by a winter's shipwreck, played
Among the waste and lumber of the shore."
- 6 " Her paly locks white water-lilies starred,
Her dewy robes glowed undulous as waves,
And in her smile the light
Shone chill as shines the Hyad through the
 shower." EDH. L.

CXLVI.

PART I.

THE best run of the season o'er
Young Nimrod seeks his home once more ;

Arrived—my last he'll quickly call,
To bring my whole into the hall ;
And there they tug, and tug and strain,
To remove my first, but all in vain.

- 1 One of the patriarchs reversed
Will give the word to form my first.
- 2 My name he carved upon the tree,
And many a vow of love breathed he.
- 3 By this nerve's aid we see aright,
Without it 'twould be dark as night.
- 4 Young prince, who won our fair princess,
May heaven your union deign to bless.

PART II.

WITH all the lights of my first word reversed
(Except the patriarch which formed the first),
An article of dress will then appear,
Worn both by Roundhead and by Cavalier ;
But in these modern days with spur on heel,
Adorns the knight in blue with tray and steel.

A. L.

CXLVII.

DEEP in the sea I lie,
Yet will my second try
The prize to gain.
To shine on beauty's neck,
Or her white hand to deck,
Gem of the main.

- 1 Upon my ambling first the abbot see,
Bound on some errand of fair charity.
- 2 Two sons he had, of very doubtful fame,
Who caused their father much remorse and shame.
- 3 Upon the map you'll find this little sea,
With F sometimes 'tis spelt, sometimes with V.
- 4 This monstrous wretch who slew his king and
queen,
Perished at last upon the guillotine.
- 5 When bigot rage condemned the wise and good,
Thou sealed the confession of thy faith in blood.

A. L.

CXLVIII.

To hunt my first o'er pathless wastes of snow,
Heedless of risk my daring seconds go.
The impending avalanche, the deep crevasse,
And giddy precipice alike they pass.
The game secured they seek the distant chalet,
Hid in the windings of some peaceful valley.

- 1 If in the game of whist you don't excel,
Go buy my book and learn to play it well.
- 2 A bishop here converts the savage race,
Let's hope some day they will not eat his grace.
- 3 This great commander sailed the Spanish main,
And captured many a treasure ship of Spain.
- 4 First in the charge he foremost led the way,
And scathless passed through many a bloody fray.
- 5 Deep in the ground I lie till brought to light,
And then behold me glittering fair and bright.
- 6 A hundred years ago they read my page ;
'Tis not read much in this degenerate age.

- 7 My whole is this, a hardy race and free,
Who love their snowy alps and liberty.

A. L.

CXLIX.

THE yard-wand measures silk and lace,
The dactyl measures rhyme,
Pedometer, the traveller's pace,
And we two measure time.

- 1 Concealed when puss's velvet paw
Steps lightly on the ground.
- 2 A beast of burden in a land,
Where horses are not found.
- 3 The food of Dobbin and the mouse,
The cock and speckled hen.
- 4 The man who luxury disdains,
And scorns his fellow-men.
- 5 Here, aiding literature, he lives
A master of his pen.

E. S. L.

CL.

Two beauteous plants, they deck the greenhouse
bower,
The one spreads wide her white or purple flower ;
The other, whose green foliage lightly falls,
Hangs in its boughs sweet tufts of yellow balls.

- 1 In spring my sheath of tender green
 Wrapped round a purple spike is seen.
- 2 The part of regicide he plays
 And wears the crown for seven days.
- 3 This noisy servant calls in vain,
 The sleeper hears and sleeps again.
- 4 A little word which says, behold !
 Some strange or solemn thing is told.
- 5 Serpents or fish I scarce can tell,
 But in a pie I like them well.
- 6 I wave before the hedgerow gay,
 Or fall to make the fragrant hay.

E. S. L.

CLI.

A NOVEL AND ONE OF ITS HEROINES.

A VERY famous city.
She was not good or pretty,
But clever, bold, and witty.

- 1 I plant, I build, I walk, I run,
 I suffer, weep, rejoice, or moan,
 There is not anything I have not done.
- 2 My leaf is dull and thick and green,
 More strange than fair I am I ween,
 My flower is very seldom seen.

- 3 A friend I am to pain and sorrow,
From me a little ease they borrow,
To face the troubles of the morrow.
- 4 I help the poets, lovers, sages,
In present or in bygone ages,
With glowing thoughts to fill their pages.
- 5 Fair southern land of corn and wine,
What glorious history is thine,
What painters, poets, works of art divine !
- 6 One little word I long to hear,
It will not cost you very dear.
You'll not say no ; of that I'm clear.
- 7 I'm in the sky when tempests roll ;
The eye cannot my light control
When stormy passions move the soul.
- 8 Fair dames their charms disdained not to display
Around the space where bleeding victims lay ;
"Butchered to make a Roman holiday."
- 9 Whene'er you go to foreign land,
Whose tongue you do not understand,
My services you may command.

- 10 'Tis dearly loved by every child,
And though a game of play 'tis styled,
There's noise enough to drive you wild.

M. J. L.

CLII.

A TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

NAMES of three Romans of undying fame,
Who rivals, friends, and enemies became ;
Admiring Britons give their dogs the same.

My first my second slew, and hoped in vain
By this foul deed to work his country's gain ;
My third fled from my second and was slain.

- 1 Delight of childhood, little golden thing,
The meadows gay with thee, announce the spring.
2 A crowning city with my forts I rise ;
Waves at my feet ; above, Brazilian skies.
3 Dark hero of a fate, whose wit and woe
Made many eyes with many tears o'erflow.
4 When no good reason may the choice decide,
Some men do this, and by the chance abide.
5 This word describes the tongue, it's also writ,
Of the fleet quagga who disdains the bit.

- 6 Sadness or badness it may mean, I see,
And yet 'tis sometimes good this thing to be.
E. S. L.

CLIII.

O'ER all the earth we roam,
Pining for hearth and home,
The far west knows us well,
Many our names can tell,
In death-struck Clerkenwell.

Yet, loyal hearts and true,
My first rank not with you,
Who fought the noblest fight,
And faded from our sight,
In flames of dazzling light.

- 1 When once the conqueror rode in gilded car,
Followed by captive hosts and spoils of war,
Wrapped round with legends of an age gone by,
My relics stand beneath an Italian sky.
- 2 Graceful and young, and guileless as a dove,
She held the wild in strongest hands of love ;
Her father's darling she, beloved by all,
Too soon, alas ! she heard the angels call.

- 3 Sometimes a friend I prove, a friend indeed,
Sharing thy joys, and lending help in need ;
But far from that, I'm often said to be,
More fond of knowing thy affairs than thee.
- 4 A little word of frequent use am I,
A head and tail is all that you can spy ;
Behead me, and you'll drink me up with glee,
Cut off my tail, and then yourself you'll see.
- 5 Of Arab ancestry, I love to dwell
In darkest nook of some old friar's cell ;
The world with rapture hails the victories won,
By my far wiser, and more prosperous son.
- 6 Say when will black be white, or false be true,
Or four not made by adding two and two ;
Despair may follow me, but even then
I help to cheer the downcast hearts of men.
- 7 Weary and worn was he, yet ne'er again
For him the rest prepared for other men ;
Thy task is done, yet, oh ! once more attend,
And sigh o'er him whose labours knew no end.

M. E. S.*

CLIV.

"FROM thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before ;
Thou layst thy finger on the lips of care,
And they complain no more."

"The certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release.
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.

- 1 "In fairy pinnace gaily flashing,
Through the white foam proudly dashing,
The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze,
The fearless fondling of the mighty seas."
- 2 "Their glory faded and their race dispersed,
The last of nations now, though once the first."
- 3 "Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was freedom's lair, or glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty can it be
That this is all remains of thee?"

- 4 "Thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong in youth's untroubled hour.
On yon proud height, with genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand."
- 5 "And sure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
Than crimson fading into gold,
In streaks of fairest symmetry."

E. L., JUN.

CLV.

"WITHOUT thee, what is all the morning's wealth,
Come, blessed barrier, betwixt day and day.
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health."

"The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife."

- 1 "Ever drifting, drifting, drifting on the shifting
Currents of the restless main,
Till in sheltered coves and reaches of sandy
beaches,
All have found repose again."

- 2 "Aye, only give me work, and then you need
not fear,
That I should snare his worship's hare, or kill
his grace's dear."
- 3 "Oft through that matted wood of oak and birch,
She came from yonder house upon the hill,
She crossed the wooden bridges to the church,
And watched with village girls my boasted
skill."
- 4 "Scotia's darling seat,
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet,
Sat legislation's sovereign powers."
- 5 "The lime bough lured the honey bee,
To murmur by the desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade."

E. L., JUN.

CLVI.

IN sunshine and rain,
You may see me again;

I am brown and I'm blue,
 And other hues too.
 But only as much,
 As in fairy and fay,
 Is my very existence
 Believed in to-day.
 Burning and bright,
 I revel in light;
 I quietly lie
 In caverns close by.

And without me you'd never be able to read
 This double acrostic—you wouldn't indeed.

- 1 I tell of knight and lady fair.
- 2 I make no bread for banquet rare.
- 3 I flourished best in Spanish air.
- 4 Roam the high seas, you'll find us there.

M. E. S.*

CLVII.

A MODERN HEROINE.

- 1 "AND sleep shall obey me,
 And visit thee never,
 And the curse shall be on thee
 For ever and ever."

- 2 "But she, with sad and scornful looks averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws;
'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse,
This woman was the cause.'"
- 3 "Overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean ridges,
Roaring into cataracts."
- 4 "Each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwined fibres serpentine,
Upcoiling and inveterately convolved."

M. L. & A. C. W.*

CLVIII.

MODERN HERO AND HEROINE.

- i "YET some maintain that to this day
She is a living child,
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild."
- 2 "He leaped into the yawning cavern;
At one end went in an old man,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly.
From the other came a young man,
Tall and straight, and strong and handsome."

- 3 "An empty sky, a world of heather."
- 4 "We sang our songs together,
Till the stars shook in the skies;
We spoke, we spoke of common things,
But the tears were in *her* eyes."
- 5 "Thro' woods and mountain passes
The winds like anthems roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing 'Pray for this poor soul.'"
- *A. C. W., M. L.

CLIX.

A MODERN HEROINE.

- 1 "HE loved me weel, and sought me for his bride,
And, saving a crown, he had nothing else beside."
- 2 "And she turned, her bosom shaken,
With a sudden storm of sighs,
All her spirit deeply dawning
In the dark of hazel eyes."
- 3 "Whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance,
In the ringing of thine ears."

- 4 "She is unlike all I have ever seen,
For she has visions and strange dreams."

*A. C. W., M. L.

CLX.

A MONSTROUS bird of fairy lore,
Alighting on the desert shore,
On lofty wings our hero bore
To a valley far away.

His bride, the Sultan's daughter fair,
For him was built a palace rare,
Which vanished into empty air,
As Eastern legends say.

- 1 To save her life the tales she told,
Of wild adventures strange and bold,
Of genii and enchanters old,
In eastern lands afar.
- 2 In lofty state he rolls along,
The frantic people round him throng,
With gestures wild and frenzied song.
They fall beneath his car.
- 3 Beneath the moonbeam's silver light,
She gathered in the balmy night

- A magic wreath of colours bright,
For Nourmahal to wear.
- 4 This crystal gem of sparkling ray
Within the wondrous valley lay,
An eagle bore it far away,
High soaring through the air.
- 5 With costly wares from distant lands,
The merchants come o'er burning sands,
To where the gorgeous city stands,
With minarets and towers.
And there the slender palm-tree grows,
Beside its walls the Tigris flows,
The mighty river onward goes,
Through gardens bright with flowers.
- 6 The word of mystery he knew,
The cavern door wide open flew,
Disclosing treasures to his view—
The robbers' secret store.
- 7 The Sultan on my last reclines,
Around his stately palace shines,
With glittering treasures from the mines,
And many a distant shore.

MT. T., M. L.

CLXI.

"Now naught was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs
That issued from that lonely pile."

"Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields, wild flowers are fair,
Some country swain might me have won
And thought my beauty passing rare."

1 "I turning, saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled,
A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold."

2 "And stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of — Var."

3 "Hail, fairy queen ! adorned with flowers,
Attended by the smiling hours,
'Tis thine to dress the rosy bowers
In colours gay."

4 "To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste."

- 5 "Why should this a desert be,
For it is unpeopled? No!
Tongues I'll hang on every tree
That shall civil sayings show."
- 6 "Then clear the weeds from off his grave,
And let us chant a passing stave,
In honour of that hero brave."
- 7 "So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide."
- 8 "The mountain village where his latter days
Went down the vale of tears."
- 9 "And half abashed, his hasty touch
Effaced it with a tell-tale care,
As if his action had been much,
And not his air."
- 10 "A bow-shot from her bower eaves
He rode between the barley sheaves;
The sun came dazzling through the leaves
And flamed upon his brazen greaves."
- M. L.

CLXII.

THROUGH the flowery meadows straying
See the happy village maid,
Or with merry children playing
In the pleasant shade.

Lovely bush, the gale perfuming,
With its white and scented flowers,
In the breeze its clusters blooming
Fall in snowy showers.

- 1 Stormy winds and dust are blowing,
When in spring I hold my sway.
- 2 In the east with sunlight glowing,
Herald of the day.
- 3 Where the silent dead are sleeping
Grows the tree of mournful gloom,
Where the slender willows, weeping,
Overhang the tomb.
- 4 Thus, in peace their bones are lying,
& Far *below* in hallowed ground,
- 5 Autumn winds above them sighing,
With a solemn sound.

6 Through the woods and valleys ringing,
I the hunter's shout prolong.

7 Holy season ; gladness bringing,
After penance long.

8 To my last, with sweet emotion,
Praying in her convent cell,
Who for fasting and devotion
Bade the world farewell.

F. & M. L.

CLXIII.

THOUGH some have tried to prove my first my
second,

Antagonists, we always have been reckoned.
The devil only makes us work together,
And binds us up in cloth, or else in leather.

In bonds, my second used to hold my first ;
Lately their destinies have been reversed ;
My first detained my second in his chain,
Until deliverance came across the main.

1 Blucher's subordinate at Waterloo.

2 Doctors ! this name is sometimes given to you.

- 3 A painter, please let both his names appear.
4 The queen's inclined to shun me, much I fear.
5 The dread of all the lesser birds am I ;
Up in the air, with streaming tail I fly.

P. J. L.

CLXIV.

THE thing that Christians all must make
In every lot and state,
Or ever they can enter in
The bright celestial gate.

A book with power and holy zeal,
And Christian knowledge rife,
Which sketches out the pilgrim's path,
The pilgrim's changing life.

The little child, the hoary sire,
Its curious page explore,
The humble Christian most of all
Delighteth in its lore.

- 1 The thing that pilgrims must renounce,
As sang the youthful sage,
" Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age."

- 2 The man who showed such wondrous things
To Christian on his way,
3 A zodiac sign that names the beast
That would the pilgrim stay.
4 A habit which good Mercy had
Her little wealth to share.
5 The character of many a man
In vanity's great fair.
6 The man who ferried o'er the stream
Could never join the blest !
7 The heights where holy shepherds walked,
And gave the weary rest.
8 The radiant beings who appeared,
And waited on the shore,
To bear up Christian to his home,
Where all his toils were o'er. E. S. L.

CLXV.

A SCOTTISH prince these titles bore,
Defeated on Culloden moor ;
He sadly left the highland shore,
And died in exile drear.

- 1 Along the meadows children stray,
To pluck my yellow blossoms gay,
Which gild the fields in flowery May,
When birds are singing clear.
- 2 This weeping wife laments in vain,
Her lord by great Achilles slain,
Before the walls on Troja's plain,
As ancient poets tell.
- 3 For many days, but all in vain
He sought my third o'er hill and plain,
And on his deathbed saw again
The maid he loved so well.
- 4 In spring we bloom o'er hill and dale,
Of purple hue and colour pale.
- 5 We grace the woods and scent the gale
With sweetest perfume rare.
- 6 Upon my brow the cedar-trees
Are gently fanned by spicy breeze ;
And from my height the Arab sees
A distant landscape fair.

- 7 A barren island far away,
Where shines with clear and silver ray
The polar star at close of day,
Across the northern seas,
Where lofty cliffs their summits rear,
And sparkling icebergs floating near,
With spires of crystal shining clear
Are wafted by the breeze.
- 8 Around the forest trees I twine,
With tendrils like the clinging vine ;
With honeysuckles I combine
To form a shady bower.
- 9 When winter holds his cruel sway,
And night usurps the place of day,
O'er fields of snow I wend my way
For many a weary hour. M. L.

CLXVI.

WESTERN land, renowned in story,
Rich in gold and bright with flowers,
Nature reigns in all her glory,
In thy blooming bowers.

- 1 He a Spaniard, bold and daring,
Led a fierce and warlike band ;
Neither life nor bloodshed sparing
Till he won the land.
- 2 Notes the ear with sweetness filling,
Lovely sound of harp and lute,
Organ tones with rapture thrilling,
Or the plaintive flute.
- 3 Land of beauty, wealth and pleasure,
With a sunny climate blest ;
Fabled land of golden treasure,
In the rosy west.
- 4 Spanish saint thy name shall never,
Fade from records of the past,
For its fame will live for ever,
While the world shall last.
- 5 Stormy winds and pirates fearing,
O'er the western main afar ;
Spanish sailors homeward steering
Bear the silver bar.

6 Once a chief I reigned in splendour,
Then I pined with grief and shame,
Forced my freedom to surrender
When the Spaniard came.

7 Humming-birds with plumage shining,
Gaily flit like "living gems,"
Where my blossoms intertwining
Grace the forest stems.

M. I..

CLXVII.

" UNDER tower and balcony,
By garden wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape, she floated by,
Dead pale, between the houses high."

"Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver,
Thro' the wave that runs for ever,
By the island in the river."

1 "Rise, happy morn ; rise, holy morn ;
Draw forth the cheerful day from night.
Oh, father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when hope was born."

- 2 "All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe."
- 3 "She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow to bosom slowly down,
Through rosy taper fingers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest brown."
- 4 "I kissed his eyelids into rest,
His ruddy cheek upon my breast,
The wind is raging in turret and tree;
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well."
- 5 "Mark him well;
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
* * * * *
His mien is noble, most majestic."
- 6 "Larger constellations burning, mellow moons
and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,
knots of paradise."

- 7 "The trumpets blew, and then did either side,
They that assailed and they that held the list,
Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move,
Meet in the midst!"

A. M. L.

CLXVIII.

- HERE bloom the lily and the rose,
And here the bright carnation grows,
With many a comrade gay.
1 Among the rushes in the marsh,
At night is heard my croaking harsh,
Or in the twilight grey.
- 2 My blossoms are of brightest blue,
3 And mine, so sweet, of rosy hue,
In sunny Spain are found.
4 Among the flowers my next you see,
My whole from this is seldom free,
It over-runs the ground.
- 5 Within the sheltered forest glade,
To form a bower of grateful shade,
My flowers and leaves entwine.

6 I gently fall in summer showers,
Refreshing to the thirsty flowers,
When they for moisture pine.

M. L. & E. L., JUN.

CLXIX.

"HE lieth still, he doth not move,
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love.

"There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door."

1 Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests, endless and sublime,
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible."

2 The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all.

3 I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn,
On those long, rank, dark wood walks drenched
in ——
Leading from lawn to lawn.

4 "Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife."

5 And more amazed
Than if seven men had set upon him, saw
The maiden standing in the dewy light;
He had not dreamed she was so beautiful."

6 "Welcome her, thunder of fort and of fleet;
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street;
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossoms under her feet."

7 "Winding slow,
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow streaks of rain."

A. M. L.

CLXX.

IN childhood's happy, careless hours,
Which all so shining seem,
Life is as bright with birds and flowers,
As any fairy dream.

What wonder that the little maid,
Touched by sleep's fairy wand,
That strange bewildering visit paid,
To magic Wonderland?

The *creatures strange*, the garden fair,
With all its painted roses,
Seem no more wonderful to her
Than life's bright dream discloses.

- 1 A strangely sympathetic power,
Sometimes to mortals given.
- 2 This king made Rome's proud legions cower,
By his barbarians driven.
- 3 A holy cross that used to grace
My fourth, so old and grey,
- 4 The Reformation swept the trace
Of all such things away.

5 My fifth's a name the Greeks bestowed
On Juno, Queen of Heaven.

6 The reapers heap the yellow load,
My bounteous sixth has given.

7 Sir Walter's simple charming pen
Sketches my chequered story;

8 And flings my next o'er lake and glen
Of his poetic glory.

9 Heedless of all he presses on,
Yet higher will he go;
The morning shows him cold and wan,
His winding-sheet the snow.

P. J. L.

CLXXI.

My first and second both are friends indeed,
Most welcome in the hour of greatest need,
Still, man ungrateful, when the peril's past,
Right gladly parts with both his friends at last.

My first, ALONE, is oft a welcome guest,
When he locks up my second in the chest.

- 1 One of my first is quite enough for me,
If of my last upright the draught should be.
- 2 My next is a thing which ought to bind you,
But not in calf or leather, mind you.
- 3 Oh! purchase for my third this book, dear friend,
It should "begin at home," but there not end.
- 4 Although my fourth have used their best endeavour,
The infirmary's funds are still as low as ever.
- 5 This river surely must be almost dry,
Acrostics without end does it supply.
- 6 This draught will make me quite my sixth no
doubt,
And so I'll get another draught, to try and drive
it out.

P. J. L.

FINIS.



119

